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The Week

THE first flush of jubilation over the Franco-Italian naval agreement has been followed by the customary period of doubt and cynicism. Mussolini is hinting vaguely that he didn't, after all, agree to abandon Italy's claim of theoretical parity with France; he only agreed not to build up to parity during the next five years. Cynics in several European capitals are saying that if France bought off Il Duce with a heavy loan, as is generally assumed, she should have devised some infallible method of making sure he would stick to his bargain. These cynics also point out that the problem of land armaments is as serious as ever, and that the general causes of friction in Europe remain unabated. Meanwhile, Japan, looking at the Franco-Italian agreement, is reported to be distressed over the large number of submarines France will have; and most serious of all is perhaps the objection of the United States, which fears that the new agreement may necessitate reopening the question of the Treaty of London. Mr. Hoover is prepared to wear his hair shirt when and if he must; but his courage fails him at the thought of submitting the treaty again to the snarling wolves of the United States Senate.

THE ubiquitous Mr. Morrow turns up at just the right moment on the high seas bound for London, and is commandeered to represent the United States in talks with the British and French officials. Perhaps the new agreement will be embodied in a separate five-power treaty, which can be offered to the Senate without touching the London pact; perhaps it can somehow be recognized in a document which the United States need not sign at all. In the midst of all this gloom and uncertainty there are one or two things to which one may hold fast for comfort. Italy is almost bankrupt; she cannot afford to do much building, and she knows it perfectly well. While the French have more money, they also need their funds for other purposes. To be sure, dictators before now have driven bankrupt nations to the verge of war in order to take the people's minds off their domestic troubles; but Mussolini is too shrewd not to keep this card in his hand as a final reserve. Powerful as are the forces working against the naval agreement, there are also powerful ones in its favor.

ARE the 6,900,000 inhabitants of New York City capable of maintaining a decent, efficient and honest government? The developments of the next few months will cast much light on this interesting question. Everyone now knows what the insiders have known for years—that New York's government is rotten with graft, through and through and from top to bottom. The catalog of proved corruption has become so long that no periodical can give space to recite it. The ordinary processes of the law are useless in cleaning out these Augean stables because the courts and prosecutors—and when necessary, even the jurors—are part of the machine. An investigation by the state has been demanded many times in recent months; but Governor Roosevelt, while he acted with some courage in ordering an inquiry into the district attorney's office, has been patently inhibited by his political ambitions in the national field—ambitions which he thinks, correctly or not, would be ruined by an open

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break with Tammany. Now the citizens, goaded on by The New York World-Telegram and by a few leaders like Norman Thomas, Dr. John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Wise, show signs of rising in an old-fashioned vigilante spirit like that of San Francisco in the eighteen fifties. The movement may or may not be important, but Tammany evidently thinks it is; the smile of Mayor Walker, far away under the hot California sun, has become a fixed immobile grin, while his New York assistant, Charles F. Kerrigan, offers the preposterous and official explanation that all the talk about scandals is just an attempt to divert attention from the Bank of United States inquiry. If Tammany were not frightened to the point of hysteria, it would have thought up a more plausible lie; the very men who are now asking for a city-wide investigation are those who fought to have all the facts in the banking scandal brought forward.

IN SPITE of the stock-market crash at the end of 1929, a greater number of persons had incomes of a million dollars or more in that year than in any previous one. There were 504 such incomes registered in the preliminary returns, against 496 in the preliminary returns for 1928. The figures for 1930 will probably show a reversal of the trend. These large incomes managed to register net profits totaling nearly $750,000,000 on the sale of assets held more than two years; their recipients either sold out before the crash, or, though selling after values had fallen, still had a considerable profit left over the original purchase price. Speculative gains will not be so marked in 1930, but the next largest items of income for the very rich—consisting of dividends, partnership shares and interest—will undoubtedly hold up. The dividends and interest disbursed in 1930 were actually larger than in 1929. In every bracket, the net gains from sale of capital assets held more than two years (which alone are taxable) were considerably larger than the registered losses from more strictly speculative operations—the sale of assets held less than two years. If prosperity had been dependent chiefly on the purchases of goods made by those who had gains from the stock market, the income-tax figures would indicate that business ought to have been more active after November, 1929, than before. Certainly the income-tax payers received much larger cash profits from their sale of stock than they lost.

IT IS sometimes the fortune of prosperous Americans to share for an hour or a week-end the life of another class. Sinking like divers through green water, they enter a world below their own, a world where Law and Justice assume strange shapes. Such, during a recent visit to Memphis, was the fate of Henry R. Fuller, a textbook salesman for the Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. Fuller committed a crime, or something regarded as a crime in Memphis, though other cities do not even list it as a misdemeanor. He entered a police station and asked, out of curiosity, whether there was any Communist organization operating in Memphis. Ten minutes later he was standing in the bull pen among the other dangerous criminals arrested and waiting trial. He learned, after twelve hours, that he was "on the hook"—that he was being held for examination and the secret docket without specific charges. He learned that other men about him were also "on the hook"; for thirty-six hours or more they could not communicate with their friends or with a lawyer.

HE SAW a suspect brought back from being "questioned"; three teeth were missing and his mouth was dripping blood. He talked with drunks, hoboes, stick-up men, and heard their pondered judgments on the police. Finally, after thirty-six hours in the bull pen, he was stood under blinding lights and questioned by the voices of men invisible. It happened that Mr. Fuller had influential friends. He was not a penniless agitator, and therefore, after an interview with the police commissioner, he was turned loose. Returning to the identification room, he saw a Negro woman sent back to her cell with a right hook to the jaw. Then he walked out into that sunlit world where Justice is a comforting conception and where the sight of a blue, brass-buttoned coat is a reassurance that property and the Constitution are safe from the threat of the rabble that exists somewhere below.

The Progressive Conference

IT WAS a tribute to the conference of progressives in Washington that the more conservative editors and politicians should have taken so much pains to ridicule it. The first line of attack was to make fun of it because it would not discuss prohibition. Senator Watson directed to its chairman a long list of questions intended to prove embarrassing. These red herrings testified to a fear of the influence it might exert. And, to those present, the ridicule underlined a highly significant body of agreement. It is true that progressives disagree about prohibition and other matters. But they are united in their belief that the basic economic problems before the country are much more important than anything else. For the sake of discussing these problems and acting upon them, they were unanimous in refraining from discussion of the questions on which they disagreed. The Wet and the Dry were eager to subordinate their opinions in this matter to their sense of the gravity of the economic crisis. In this scale of values they differ profoundly from the regulars in the old parties, who not only disagree volubly on prohibition, but suppress discussion of every other vital problem.

The very existence of the conference was an impressive symptom of the state of the commonwealth. About two hundred men and women gathered, coming hundreds and in some cases thou-

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sands of miles, most of them entirely at their own expense, and without any expectation of political preferment, personal advantage, or advancement of pet schemes, orthodoxies or factions. At the beginning, the conference had been conceived as a much smaller affair, but it grew of its own vitality; names kept pouring in, of persons who wanted to come or could not be omitted. If the aim had been to convene as large a body as possible, it might have been several times the size it was. Many were not there who would have been glad to come and who would have added as much to its weight as those who attended.

The list of those who were present included many of the representative figures of the country. Besides the more active and intelligent members of the Senate and House of Representatives there were farm leaders like the presidents of the National Grange and the Farmers' Union; labor leaders like President Green of the A. F. of L., President Robertson of the Locomotive Firemen and President Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; experienced leaders of the social workers like Miss Lillian D. Wald of the Henry Street Settlement and Paul Kellogg of The Survey; the distinguished elder statesman among our historians, Dr. Charles R. Beard, with other economists and political and social scientists; Mrs. Florence Kelley of the National Consumers' League; the brilliant and earnest young mayor of Detroit, Frank Murphy, who has been on the firing line in the attempt to keep the unemployed alive with inadequate local funds; distinguished clergymen interested in social problems like Dr. John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council and Rabbi Israel of the Central Conference of American Rabbis; and so prominent a figure in journalism as Robert P. Scripps of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, together with a sprinkling of progressive lawyers and business men. Supporting the tried and experienced leaders were younger men with the newer points of view of their generation.

The delegates to the conference listened patiently to a long list of speeches, some of them brilliant and forceful, others dull with the clichés of traditional political discussion. These speeches were what mainly occupied the voluminous space given to the news reports of the conference. But most of the delegates themselves said little, except in the lobbies, around the luncheon tables and in committee rooms. It is not difficult to report their common state of mind. They were deeply conscious of the human misery with which they had been in contact, in every part of the country. They had a sense of outrage that such misery should be allowed to occur, in a civilization with as much wealth and as magnificent resources of production as ours. They wanted to testify to their distrust of the dominant leadership of the country in finance, industry and politics. They had no confidence either in the sincerity of its intention to serve the public welfare, or of its ability to do so. They were particularly indignant with President Hoover for his inaction in public relief of the emergency and his laggard reluctance to encourage anything of permanent value to prevent its recurrence. They felt that for Congress to go out of session after turning its face both from the urgent temporary need and the longer future was a gross dereliction of duty. When Mayor Murphy of Detroit denounced the federal government as "brutal and callous" in its attitude toward sufferers from unemployment and drought, they responded warmly.

The delegates were uncertain as to what they could themselves contribute to supply the deficient leadership, excpt to dramatize a point of view radically different from that of the official optimists and the professional shush-shushers. Nevertheless, they took the responsibility seriously, and prepared to do what they could. Regardless of the general incompetence of political institutions in this country, there are certain immediately necessary and definite measures which might be enacted if sufficient support can be aroused. Upon these, the attention of the conference was primarily concentrated. Numerous delegates knew, as a result of their own experience, that local relief funds, both public and private, were about to give out, that little more was in sight, that the number of the unemployed was not being substantially diminished and that their need was daily increasing. The economists were of the opinion that there was no ground for predicting prompt revival, and that even if it should come, millions of unemployed would be with us for months in the future. In these circumstances, there was a strong sentiment for demanding the immediate calling of an extra session of Congress to appropriate relief funds which could supplement local deficiencies. The taxing and borrowing powers of the federal government are far stronger than those of the hard-hit local communities. In order to test their own convictions, however, the delegates decided to appoint a subcommittee of experts to make a rapid survey of the situation throughout the country and to call for a special session on the basis of the facts revealed, should they require such action.

The delegates were unanimous as to the immediate necessity and practicability of a nation-wide system of public employment exchanges such as was projected in the Wagner bill vetoed by Mr. Hoover. They unanimously and explicitly denounced this veto. They also agreed that a much larger expansion of public works than the President had permitted was desirable and feasible, and that in this —though action by state and local governments was essential, so far as they could act in the present circumstances—the federal government could and ought to take the lead. With the exception of the A. F. of L. officials, who are sympathetically studying the proposal, the delegates unanimously favored the enactment of compulsory unemployment insurance.

Regarding the more fundamental questions of governmental, industrial and agricultural reorgan-

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ization, the delegates declined to register final judgments or accept ready-made programs without availing themselves, not only of the expert judgment within their own ranks, but of advice from other competent experts who were not present. They set up a series of committees on agriculture, on unemployment and stabilization, on representative government, and on public utilities, which are continuing their studies and will make fuller reports before the next regular session of Congress. Certain conclusions, however, were outlined in advance and probably will be further developed rather than upset.

There was general disapproval of the high protective tariff, both as an aid to industrial prosperity and as relief for agriculture. In both respects it was believed to be not only a sham, but a positive injury. Senator Costigan, probably the most able member of President Wilson's tariff commission, outlined a program of getting rates down, by means of a Commission responsible to Congress, a public counsel to present the case of the consumer before it, and a method of revision to eliminate log rolling.

Though the agricultural committee made no report, it was recognized that the Federal Farm Board had not yet produced relief, that temporary relief must take the form of disposing of surplus crops in such a way as to equalize the operation of the tariff as between industry and agriculture, and that there must also be a more fundamental permanent program than any yet devised.

The utilities committee also has still to make its report, but it will undoubtedly recommend more effective measures of regulation, supplemented by public ownership as a check and as an alternative in specific localities.

The committee on representative government was chiefly concerned with measures to improve the operation of our political institutions, such as better control of primary elections, abolition of the electoral college, passage of the Lame Duck Amendment, and measures suggested by Dr. Beard, like freeing Congress from the necessity of spending so much time on private and minor bills, calling on the President and members of the Cabinet to appear on the floor of Congress to explain their measures and answer questions, and setting up a standing committee of Congress, to be continually in session and to watch and report upon the activities of the special commissions and regulative agencies which it sets up.

The important committee on unemployment and industrial stabilization, besides considering the measures previously mentioned, will concentrate on what the conference believed should be the two main objectives of our economic instruments—increasing the standard of living and shortening the hours of labor. Without accomplishing these objects, it was universally believed, unemployment cannot be abolished or stability achieved. And there was a strong and growing sentiment that the only way to accomplish them was through national economic planning. Perhaps the most significant note of the conference—that it pointed in the direction of a planned economy, an economy for the benefit not of large profits, but of the rank and file of the country—was largely overlooked by the press reports and editorial comment.

It was perhaps natural that most of the political writers, in discussing the conference, were chiefly interested in questions concerning its effect in starting a movement for a possible new party, or on the fortunes of one of the old ones in the next election, or in the presidential prospects of certain candidates. We believe it is true report, however, to say that the delegates themselves were least of all interested in such matters. They saw the importance of registering dissent, of first finding out what ought to be done, of bringing public opinion behind a program. Unlike most political gatherings, they did not subordinate the body of discourse to the endeavor to gain power. They acted as if they believed that politics ought to be, not an empty game, but a vital activity for a people. If any political power is to flow from their deliberations, this belief will be the best possible foundation for it.

Will the Money Hold Out?

THERE is a popular impression that the late Congress did a great deal to relieve drought sufferers and the unemployed; but it did not. It appropriated large amounts to be lent to farmers in the drought area; but these loans are hedged about with such technical restrictions that those who need the money worst will be unable to get it. The only other source is the Red Cross, which carefully conceals the amount in its coffers, but certainly has not more than ten or twelve dollars per person for those who are already being fed, to say nothing of others who may be added during the spring and summer. As for the unemployed, the only federal action was the appropriation of amounts, rather larger than usual, for public works. Mr. Hoover himself has pointed out that this is a feeble and tardy palliative; not much is accomplished, and it takes so long to get any project under way that the necessity for relief may have passed—or may have deepened into calamity—before anything has been done.

The facts about assistance to the unemployed are often misunderstood. Many people do not realize, for instance, that most of the terrible burden created when six or seven or nine million people are out of work is borne by the victims themselves—and their families. Allen T. Burns, director of the national Association of Community Chests and Councils, is authority for the statement that "if relief cares for one percent of the wage loss, it is doing well." First of all, the family's savings, if they have any, are spent; then the household cuts down on food, on clothing, recreation, every reducible expenditure. Rent is paid as long as possible,

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and thereafter families "double up," moving into the already crowded quarters of some relative, or perhaps even those of some kindly neighbor; the ethical code of shipwreck is strictly followed. Not until starvation is just around the corner does the average unemployed family (as distinguished from the chronically depressed groups in the cities) swallow its pride and ask for aid.

Another common and erroneous assumption is that "private charity" shoulders the major burden in the United States. Even President Hoover, who certainly ought to know better, seems to share this notion. We are told that voluntary assistance by the more fortunate to the unlucky is "the American way." But it is not. To quote Mr. Burns again—and he is one of the country's best qualified experts in this field: "Something over 75 percent of relief is coming from the public treasury." The phrase in this case means the municipalities and counties, almost exclusively, since the states are doing little and the federal government nothing.

Will the funds available both from public and private sources be adequate to the needs during the remainder of this year? With no desire to be alarmist about a situation which is bad enough at best, we are compelled to affirm that there is grave doubt of it. The community chests, which now exist in most of the important cities, are doing well. They have raised $6,000,000 more than last year in their regular campaigns, and in city after city special emergency drives are being held with good success. Those who give to charity in this and other ways realize the danger and are responding to the best of their ability. There is, however, a more dangerous situation in regard to the public funds which, as Mr. Burns says, furnish at least 75 percent of the money needed. In certain cities where the burden is greatest, the public treasuries are getting dangerously depleted. An important source of revenue in every community is taxes on real estate, and the amount of property which is being abandoned to the city because the owners are unable or unwilling to meet their tax payments is growing alarmingly large. A pronounced improvement in business within the next two or three months would relieve this situation—as it would diminish the need for aid; but the majority of economists do not expect any such improvement. And even if it came, we are now so far below normal that distress and the necessity for special assistance would continue for many months.

In certain communities, conditions are even more serious than the foregoing statements would indicate. In New York, for example, where the number of unemployed is particularly large, no municipal funds are available for relief, and Mayor Walker has ruled that under the law it is not possible to make any appropriation. The private charity handled through the Prosser Committee will be exhausted shortly after April 1, and nobody at present knows what will be done then. Other charitable agencies of course exist, in profusion; but they are no better prepared to cope with the situation than are similar institutions in other cities.

In regard to the drought areas, there is one aspect of the matter which has had hardly any public attention. The "ground water" is so depleted in many areas that even normal rainfall during the spring will not bring it up to the necessary level. In that case, we shall have a partial or complete crop failure in 1931, and the suffering—and the need for assistance—will be tremendously increased.

If there are six million unemployed—and many students of the subject believe the number is much larger—their dependents probably constitute at least another six millions, even allowing for a proportion of single men and women, and of families with two or more breadwinners. Add to these a minimum of two million drought victims who are virtually destitute, and you have more than 10 percent of the total population of the United States who, at the climax of our career of machine-made prosperity, are in literal danger of starvation during 1931. If the cities prove inadequate to their task, these millions of people have but one last resource—assistance by the federal government. The Treasury has not the funds to aid them, but it can obtain money, just as it found unprecedented sums during the Great War—by the flotation of bond issues, and by increases in taxes on large incomes. To do these things, however, takes time; and that is one reason why the progressives wanted a special session of Congress called this spring. Mr. Hoover and the responsible leaders of his party have preferred to take a chance. They are gambling with human lives on a chance that things will get better before catastrophe has arrived. We hope with all our hearts that they are right; but if they prove to be wrong, the country should know where the responsibility lies.

Foreign Bonds and American Investors

LAST YEAR The New Republic published a series of five articles by Lawrence Dennis, entitled "Sold on Foreign Bonds." In this series Mr. Dennis pointed out the unsoundness of much of our post-war foreign financing, the misuse or non-productive use made of the funds, the graft connected with the operations and the inadequacy of information available to investors regarding the securities sold them. In conclusion, he criticized vigorously the practice of the United States Department of State in having foreign issues submitted to it for an opportunity to express objection, and made a plea for a competent and responsible federal regulation of the traffic in all securities. This would be exercised by a duly constituted federal agency, with a view to safeguarding the public interests affected and especially to protecting innocent and inexpert investors.

It is interesting to record the following develop-

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ments since the publication of this series: Bolivia has gone into default. The Peruvian government has announced that the service on the foreign debt must be suspended after the next semi-annual payment. A Peruvian judicial Tribunal of Sanctions has found former President Leguia guilty of the misappropriation of some $7,500,000 during his term in office. This tribunal also brought out the fact that his son, Juan Leguia, had received from a syndicate of New York's leading bankers $625,000, or five-eighths of a point, commission on bonds worth $100,000,000, issued by the Peruvian government during the past three years.

Professor Ripley, testifying before a Senate committee with particular reference to investment trusts, has said "With them, we have a most glaring need of intelligent publicity. I think it is a greater need than the regulation of rates." The United States Senate has adopted Senator Carter Glass's resolution condemning the practice of the State Department which was criticized by Mr. Dennis. And finally, Representative Louis T. McFadden, chairman of the House Committee on Banking, only two weeks before the end of the session introduced a bill providing for a Federal Capital Issues Board, which would have the duty of investigating and passing upon all foreign and domestic issues in excess of $100,000. The published reports of this bill indicate that it embodies exactly the recommendation formulated by Mr. Dennis for federal regulation of the issue and sale of securities in the United States.

Mr. Hoover Goes to the Caribbean

MR. HOOVER'S trip to the Caribbean is of course mainly a brief vacation for a very tired man; we hope it will give him the rest he needs. In addition, however, he can take a first-hand look at the area which presents some of the most baffling problems in American policy.

Unless his itinerary is altered at the last moment, the President will avoid those countries where the difficulties are hardest to solve. It is announced that he will go to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands, both of which are now under the American flag, both suffering from difficulties almost entirely economic in character. He will not go to Haiti, where we are just in the process of terminating a long continued military occupation; to Santo Domingo, virtually an American dependency for many years, and at present ruled by a ruthless tyrant; or to Cuba, where the Machado dictatorship is hanging on by the skin of its teeth and by the supposed support of Washington. He will not come anywhere near Panama, where we have recently connived at a revolution in violation of all our supposedly sacred Central American principles, or Nicaragua, where we remain in control even though our Marines will have left the country by the end of 1932.

It may be admitted freely that the Caribbean policy of the Hoover administration is much better than that of his recent predecessors. For this fact Messrs. Hoover and Stimson must give much of the credit to the late Joseph P. Cotton, Assistant Secretary of State, whose death last week was a heavy loss to American public life. Mr. Cotton brought much unlimbering good sense into the staid old State Department, and in particular he insisted on a better quality of American representatives in this part of the world. He believed Latin American diplomatic posts to be more important than most European ones, and began a process of shifting high-grade career men to this region. One of the best of the new group, incidentally, is Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of Porto Rico, who is living down in fine fashion the mistakes he made in Washington during the Harding regime. He is vigorous and sensible, keenly concerned for the welfare of the Porto Ricans and determined to make their needs known at Washington. Another man of high reputation who has a fine opportunity is Dana Munro in Haiti, though it is too early to tell what he will do with his chance.

The fundamental questions of our relation to the Caribbean remain unsolved despite the worthy endeavors which have lately been made. We still insist on sending large amounts of our capital into those regions, and on giving our investors there a form and extent of governmental support which we should never dream of giving them if they were putting their money into France or Germany. Our manners are getting less brutal, but our purposes are not altered. Our bankers make loans to governments or individuals, loans which in many cases are economically unsound and given on dubious security. The debtor defaults, or appears to be on the eve of doing so; the bankers appeal for aid from the government, and get it—aid sometimes in the form of a Marine occupation, sometimes in that of pressure of a subtler sort. While this policy continues, no ameliorative steps can do much good. We hope that while Mr. Hoover is on his southern trip someone has the courage to tell him so.

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A Presidential Message

The document below reached The New Republic office by means so devious and hypothetical that we shall not embarrass our readers by relating them. We present it with all the solemnity appropriate to the occasion.—THE EDITORS.

The White House,
April 1st, 1931.

TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES:

I have called the Congress to meet in special session on April first, for two reasons. The first is that the problems now confronting the country are so serious and urgent that I feel they demand the continuing attention of the national legislature. The second is that since this is a representative government, there is every reason why the Congress should under all circumstances be in session whenever there is any problem demanding its attention. To say that the welfare of the country is better preserved by having the Congress adjourned is to argue in favor of anarchy or Mussolinism.

I recommend to the Congress enactment of the following legislation:

DROUGHT AND UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

The nation is confronted at present with not one but two great national emergencies. About 2,000,000 victims of the drought are now destitute and are receiving relief. While we do not know with exactness how many are unemployed, the best available estimates indicate that their number is six or seven millions or more—with their dependents, probably one-tenth of the total population. It is impossible to say with any certainty at the present time that the funds available from all sources for these sufferers will suffice to meet the need; and if they do not, we shall see a tragedy. I recommend to the Congress that during the special session it shall from time to time appropriate funds from the national Treasury so that at least a minimum of food, shelter and clothing shall be available for every individual.

NATIONAL ECONOMIC PLANNING

The present profound industrial depression is a symptom of maladjustment in our national life. I recommend that steps be taken to ameliorate this through the creation of a National Industrial Council and a Planning Board. Among the chief tasks of this Board, under the advice of the Council, shall be: to seek an increase in the consumptive power of the general population by encouraging a redistribution of the national income, particularly through higher wages; to seek, so far as possible, a balance between production in each type of goods and the prospective market for that type of goods; to stabilize employment to the largest possible extent; in particular, to minimize the human stresses of technological unemployment; and to control in the public interest financial enterprise both in domestic and foreign investment.

A LOWER TARIFF

Before the present tariff law went into effect, more than one thousand of the country's leading economists signed a joint protest against it, arguing that its influence upon trade, and upon our prosperity in general, would be bad. Experience having shown that their prediction was correct, I recommend a return by gradual stages, during one year's time, to the rates which were set up in the Fordney-McCumber tariff of 1922. I recommend further that thereafter all revisions of the tariff in either direction be made under policies fixed by the National Planning Board, in accordance with the subsequent section of this message on International Economic Supervision.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

It is unthinkable that in a civilized society any worker and his family should run the risk of starvation because of inability to get work. I recommend enactment of a nation-wide system of unemployment insurance through the coöperation of the federal and state governments, with contributions from employers, employees and the government. This must of course be accompanied by a nation-wide system of labor exchanges and the abolition of all private employment agencies.

TAXATION

The legislation recommended in this message will probably make necessary the raising of substantial additional sums for the national Treasury. Having in mind the fact that no man can amass a large fortune without benefiting from special privileges of one sort or another, privileges created for him by the society about him, I recommend that these sums be obtained through the imposition of heavy income and inheritance taxes upon great individual fortunes, and large increases in the taxation of corporate profits.

WAR DEBTS AND REPARATIONS

The supposed moral basis on which the late War was fought having been shown by the researches of the historians to be fallacious, and the judgment of economists being that the international payments growing out of the War cost more, in their interference with normal trade, than they produce, I propose to invite the Powers involved in the War to

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a conference in which the United States shall seek to bring about the cancellation of all unpaid war debts and reparations. While it is true that our country would appear to be the chief financial loser by such a course, I am confident that in fact, the stimulus to trade which would thus be provided would make the transaction a profitable one, even to ourselves.

Disarmament

Since all intelligent men are now agreed that the only legitimate function of armies and navies is to fight other armies and navies, and since it is clear that a small number of cruisers under an international flag could adequately police the seas against pirates, etc., I propose at this same conference to ask the nations of the world to reduce every type of armament 10 percent per annum, looking toward total disarmament in one decade. It may be true that the nations will continue to fight whether armed or not; but it is certainly better in every way that they should fight without weapons than after spending a great part of their national incomes for armament.

The League of Nations and World Court

In the past decade, all the predictions of both the friends and enemies of the League of Nations have been shown to be wrong. It is neither so strong and beneficent as its friends promised, nor so strong and malevolent as its enemies feared. Since some sort of League is an essential part of an orderly world, and since it is infinitely easier and better to make over this one and cure its faults than to scrap it and start afresh, I propose that as soon as there is satisfactory evidence that the League is in fact an instrumentality for obtaining international justice and not a device for perpetuating certain injustices which have grown out of the late War, the United States should accept full membership. I regard it as highly desirable that at the same time it be made possible for the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics to join the League.

I also advocate immediate adherence to the World Court, and signing of the "General Act" under which we should agree to accept arbitration of all international disputes, without exception.

International Economic Supervision

Recognizing that the unrestricted international struggle for control of raw materials and of markets is an unending source of friction and creates an always present threat of war, I propose to invite the other nations of the world to take steps as promptly as possible, looking toward the ultimate restoration of the activities undertaken by the Supreme Economic Council during the War. The purpose shall be to allocate, after careful investigation and full discussion, the world's raw materials among the countries on a basis of their needs; and to apportion among the chief exporting powers their fair share of the world's foreign markets, on a basis of their various productive capacities and such other special factors as need to be considered.

Recognition of Russia

For the first three-quarters of a century of our national existence, we recognized every government in any country as soon as it in fact existed. It is only in the last few decades that we have assumed the nonexistence of certain governments, of whose principles certain American officials did not approve. I propose that this absurd pretense be now abandoned and that the first act under the restored old American principle shall be the establishment of full diplomatic relations with the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, in Russia.

Agricultural Depression

For about one decade, American agriculture has been in a condition of acute distress. To relieve this, I propose the following:

(1) The immediate rectification of the present situation whereby, through the tariff and otherwise, industry is favored at the expense of the farm.

(2) Cessation of all attempts on the part of the government to increase the total area of agricultural land in this country until such time as there is clear evidence that the additional farm products thus produced can be marketed economically.

(3) A nation-wide survey of our agricultural resources to determine (a) what regions are best adapted to what crops, (b) what is the economic size and technique of operation for the individual farm in each region, and (c) what proportion of the land is of marginal or worse than marginal value. When this survey is completed, the National Planning Board shall attempt to work out a feasible scheme by which the marginal land shall be withdrawn from its present use and either employed for grazing or forestry or allowed to stand idle.

Public Utilities

The people of the United States, acting through the federal, state and city governments, have at various times given away to groups of private individuals, free of charge or at nominal cost, the right to operate various public utilities. The owners of these enterprises have sought by every means in their power, fair or foul, to entrench themselves in their position, to dominate the public opinion of the country in their own behalf, and to extort from their customers the highest possible payments, using unjust valuations, extravagant demands as to "reasonable returns" and concealment of profits.

I recommend to the Congress the immediate enactment of legislation which shall in fact limit all such profits to a banking rate of return on the actual, prudent investment, with a proviso that additional profits made possible by the march of scientific invention shall be shared with the public according to a predetermined scale. I further recom-

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mend that for purposes of demonstrating actual cost of such enterprises, the cities, states and municipalities be encouraged freely to enter into competition with such private companies at any time, with the understanding that if these companies do not wish to compete under such conditions, the municipality or state or the federal government shall extend its operations to supply the full needs of the community.

Civil Liberties

Believing that the strongest safeguard of democracy is complete and untrammeled discussion of all public questions, I urge the Congress to abolish every existing type of censorship of political or other opinion, and strongly recommend similar action to the states and municipalities. I ask equal treatment for aliens and for citizens, in that no alien shall be subject to deportation or other interference, or shall be refused citizenship, on any grounds which, in the case of a citizen by birth, would subject that citizen to no legal interference.

Since it is obvious that a planned civilization is impossible without intelligent control of population growth, and since it is clearly within the moral rights of every married couple to determine for themselves how many children they shall have and at what intervals, I urge the abolition of all restrictions on the dissemination of birth-control information or the sale of contraceptives.

Anti-trust Laws

It is now common public knowledge that the efforts made during the first decade of the present century to prevent the creation of large units in industry were founded upon inadequate and outworn economic principles. I urge that an early task of the National Planning Board shall be the reconsideration of the Sherman and Clayton laws and other allied legislation, to the end that every business organization shall be permitted to attain the size most economically advantageous, with continuing public control in the public interest. I recommend that in determining "public interest," first consideration be given to the workers in the industry, second to the consuming public, and third to the active management. The interest of the investor shall be recognized only to the extent of a reasonable rate of interest on the actual investment in the enterprise.

Further Sessions of Congress

In the realization that the program of legislation outlined above is a heavy one, which will take much time to work out satisfactorily, I pledge myself that during the remainder of my term as President, and any future term which the voters might in their inscrutable wisdom grant to me, I shall do my best to keep the Congress in session whenever and as long as is necessary.

The President.
Per B. B., Amanuensis.

Sonnets

When we are old and these rejoicing veins
Are frosty channels to a muted stream,
And out of all our burning there remains
No feeblest spark to fire us, even in dream,
This be our solace: that it was not said
When we were young and warm and in our prime,
Upon our couch we lay as lie the dead,
Sleeping away the unreturning time.
O sweet, O heavy-lidded, O my love,
When morning strikes her spear upon the land,
And we must rise and arm us and reprove
The insolent daylight with a steady hand,
Be not discountenanced if the knowing know
We rose from rapture but an hour ago.

Hearing your words, and not a word among them
Tuned to my liking, on a salty day
When inland woods were pushed by winds that flung them
Hissing to leeward like a ton of spray,
I thought how off Matinicus the tide
Came pounding in, came running through the Gut,
While from the Rock the warning whistle cried,
And children whimpered, and the doors blew shut;
There in the autumn when the men go forth,
With slapping skirts the island women stand
In gardens stripped and scattered, peering north,
With dahlia tubers dripping from the hand:
The wind of their endurance, driving south,
Flattened your words against your speaking mouth.

Believe, if ever the bridges of this town,
Whose towers were builded without fault or stain,
Be taken, and its battlements go down,
No mortal roof shall shelter me again;
I shall not prop a branch against a bough
To hide me from the whipping east or north,
Nor tease to flame a heap of sticks, that now
Am warmed by all the wonders of the earth.
Do you take ship unto some happier shore
In such event, and have no thought for me.
I shall remain—to share the ruinous floor
With roofs that once were seen far out at sea;
To cheer a moldering army on the march,
And beg from specters by a broken arch.

Oh, sleep forever in the Latmian cave,
Mortal Endymion, darling of the Moon!
Her silver garments by the senseless wave
Shouldered and dropped and on the shingle strewn,
Her fluttering hand against her forehead pressed,
Her scattered looks that trouble all the sky,
Her rapid footsteps running down the west—
Of all her altered state, oblivious lie!
Whom earthen you, by deathless lips adored,
Wild-eyed and stammering to the grasses thrust,
And deep into her crystal body poured
The hot and sorrowful sweetness of the dust:
Whereof she wanders mad, being all unfit
For mortal love, that might not die of it.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

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Detroit Motors

ON THE dreary yellow Michigan waste with its gray stains of frozen water, the old cars wait like horses at the pound. Since the spring before last, Henry Ford has been buying them up at twenty dollars apiece, and people drive them in every day. Old, battered, muddy roadsters, sedans, limousines, touring cars and trucks—in strings of two or three they are dragged off to the disassembly building, following foolishly and gruesomely like corpses shaken up into life, hoods rickety and wheels revolving backwards. Once inside, they are systematically and energetically dismantled: the flat road-ruined tires are stripped off; the rush-flare of an acetylene torch attacks the stems of the steering-wheels; the motors are cleaned out like a bull's tripes and sent to make scrap iron for the blast furnace; the glass is taken out and kept to replace broken factory panes; the leather from the hoods and seats goes for aprons and handpads for the workers; the hair stuffing of the seats is sold again; even the bronze and babbitt metal are scraped out of the connecting rods and melted up to line new connecting rods. Then the picked and gutted carcass of the old car is shoved into a final death chamber—crushed flat by a five-ton press, which makes it scrunch like a gigantic stepped-on beetle.

The home of the open-hearth furnaces is a vast loud abode of giants: groans, a continual ringing, the falling of remote loads. The old automobiles sent in on little cars are like disemboweled horses at the bull ring whose legs are buckling under them. A fiend in blue glasses on a high throne on an enormous blue chariot or float causes it to move horizontally back and forth before the white-glowing mouths of the furnaces, feeding them the flattened cars like so many metallic soft-shell crabs—ramming each one in with a sudden charge, dropping it quickly with a twist. There are not many mouths big enough yet to accommodate a whole car at one gape, and pending the completion of ten hundred-ton furnaces specially designed for the consumption of old cars—fifty thousand of which have been melted up since the April before last—they have to be chopped up for the small-mouthed furnaces by a thousand-ton electric shear, which reduces chassis, springs, wheels, fenders and all to a junk-fodder of iron spines and bent tin shells, like horse-shoe crabs cut up for pigs. When we put on blue glasses to gaze through the blinding golden hole in the furnace-door, where the old cars are being digested with such condiments as limestone and pig iron, we see only a boiling livid lake vibrating with pale and thickish bubbles. (The draught from the furnace later produces steam—the steam runs a turbine—the turbine turns the fan that makes the draught.)

Twice a day the old liquefied cars are poured out through the backside of the furnace into immense iron buckets, below where the charging floor drops sheer—a thunderous hissing, a hot stink, the voiding of a molten feces of gold burned beyond gold to white ethereal yellow, a supreme incandescence, with an explosive spray of snow-crystal sparks bursting like tiny rockets in the air. In the arena below the gallery, during the pouring no human beings go. Giant cranes advance along the ceiling and picking up the vats of golden soup with hooks, lift them across the great empty barn and tip them up into other vats, whence it runs down through holes in the bottom into cylindrical ingot molds. Eleven hundred tons of steel a day.

In the spacious gloom of the blooming mill, ruby lights are sharp tiny watch-gems under the clockwork of thin naked steel beams and writhing vermiform silver pipes. Hot breaths—a prolonged dull hooting—the acid stink of pickling baths. A crane like a gigantic blue airplane comes sliding along the ceiling and from an elaborate suspended cab, which also slides at right angles to the movement of the crane, lifts the dark cooling ingots out of their molds with enormous beetle tweezers, carries them across above the place where people pass, and lowers them slowly into the ovens of the soaking pits, where they absorb heat till they glow a warm smothering white.

Silver pipes—a deafening clack-a-clack-clack—the spilling of metallic avalanches—the groaning barks of Cerberus in labor. Transmitters like the shells of red enormous snails fattened behind glass in white and spotless stalls supply underground power for the rollers. We look down from a narrow gallery on a sunk runway of turning cylinders: the red-hot ingot lurches along it like a rough length of grooved classical column with a blunt snout. As it enters the mechanical grotto of the first "stand," the rollers above and below it crunch away the outer crust and a shear crops off the bottom end where the impurities have settled and drops it into a receptacle below, whence it is sent back to be melted up again.

Now the pigs have been bloomed into billets and are heated again to be rolled in the rolling mill. Long strips of red-hot metal timber traveling along the rollers of the slides—squeezed out thinner and thinner and longer and longer as they pass through the rollers of the stands into red worms, which a row of men snapping the handles of black boxes in a gallery cause to coast backwards and forwards or send spinning as they leave the wringers. Finally squared and cut in even lengths, they make a hangarful of piled steel stock.

Drop forges: shattering pointblank whack-whack-whack-whack which, making crankshafts, breaks

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down the mud-flat land underneath and shakes down the building overhead. Today crankshafts are being made at Highland Park, where the ground is solider and can stand the heavy hammer; but here big blacksmiths with bunged-up eyes, beside the steady steam-blown outflare of oil furnaces, still stamp lengths of red-hot tongs-held stock with the whack-whack impact of the dropping black trap—beating them out, as fragments glance, against the anvil die, with deliberate brutal pugilist's strokes into red-hot cupcake pans, crude connecting rods.

Machining. To produce a finished connecting rod, twenty-eight different processes take place. The rake-forks of the chain conveyor wind zigzag in and out among the benches and carry connecting rods from one machine to the next. Each is toughened with a print heat treat and softened with a draw heat treat; rolled in a tumbler which takes the scale off and turns it from dull to shining; straightened in swedge presses; drilled on revolving towers; roughturned, finishturned, chamfered and threaded; bored with holes for the crankshaft and wristpin, the holes lined with white babbitt metal and with bronze, and the babbitt and bronze burnished smooth as satin; cleaned, oxidized, trimmed, washed; oil holes drilled and oil pocket cut (a solid man in a brown suit and round glasses has just invented a new machine for drilling all the holes at the same time, and he is supervising its installation); oil groove cut, oil pocket broached; balanced and corrected—the ones that weigh too much or too little scrapped in thick-lipped iron buckets; babbitt and bronze holes bored with a diamond drill; inspected and gauged with diamond-pointed gauge to a millionth of an inch in enclosed greenhouses at constant temperature in the blank violet light from greenish mercury tubes.

Now the stages of the production conveyor are finished and the journey on the subassembly conveyor begun. The wristpins are put in—the crankshaft and the piston are fitted. The connecting rod has to withstand the wear and tear of a hundred revolutions a minute—it has to be a sound part.

Now it is fixed in the motor block. The motor block gradually, as it goes on its way and gets more and more fully equipped, takes on again, with the acquisition of a small muzzle and two protruding eyes, an unmistakable animal aspect—crawling finally up the conveyor track on its way to the assembly room like an obedient tropical beetle.

Here, to the tune of pointblank bang of hammer-cracks, the motor block is seized and dropped down into the empty wheelless frame passing below on a big double-sized belt—and now there is an ichthyosaurus-shape with sprawling paws and a long knobbed snail-like eye, recognizable after a minute as a gear shaft. This in due course acquires wheels and shiny black running-boards and fenders. Then from above, the familiar motor body is dropped down to complete the goggle-eyed frame: the thing is a motor car now, brand-new, glossy and fit to go, but still passive, still moved by another agency as if it had not yet emerged from the womb. Now it gets its last tests and touches: horns are made to speak, windshield cleaners wiped around their arc, accidental scratches painted over. Black coupes; blue town sedans; maroon tudors; buff roadsters; green trucks: they leave the conveyor at last now for good. They are pushed out brand-new, self-possessed and glittering, though with glass goggle-eyes just freshly open, into their original bright electric-lighted show room, and they stand waiting to be driven away or taken off on long trailers to the dealers across the dreary Michigan waste.

"It's not human—I could just bust when I talk about it—break the spirit of an elephant, it 'ud. I'd starve before I'd go back! They don't give ye no warnin'. Pick up your tools and get a clearance, the boss says—then they inspect your toolbox to see you're not takin' any of the company's tools—then ye report to the employment office with your time card and they give ye a clearance that says they 'can't use ye to further advantage'—then ye're done. I've been laid off since last July. Sometimes they leave ye your badge and then ye can't get a job anywhere else, because if ye try to, they call up Ford's and they tell 'em ye're still on the pay roll, though ye're not workin' and not gettin' a cent. Then they can say they've still got so many men on the pay roll. He's a wonder at the publicity, is Ford.

"In England they do things more leisurely-like. I was an auto and tool worker in Manchester from fourteen years old. I got six shillin's a week for seven years—till the War, then I went into the Royal Air Force—but I failed in the nerve test—I was a second-class air mechanic durin' the War. An aunt of mine had been over to the United States and had seen the pawssibilities, and when she came back, she said, 'Bert, you're wastin' your time!'—so I came over in September, '23. They're ridin' for a fall in England—they've got their back to the wall—the vital industries are bein' bled away from 'em, and they cahn't do away with the dole, but if they stop it, they've got to face the music. There's young chaps there that have grown up on the dole and now you cahn't make 'em work—when they're given a job they get fired on purpose. They're between the devil and the deep sea. Take the bread away from the animals and they'll bite. The way they do things in England, it's a miracle how they come out!

"When I first came over, I worked at —— Bodies for three months. I took a three-shift job on production at the start rather than be walkin' around. But then I went to Ford's—like everybody else, I'd 'eard about Ford's wages. And you do get the wages. I got $5 a day for the first two months and $6 ahfter, for a year or so—then I ahsked for a raise and got forty cents more a day for two and a hahlf years—I never saw this $7 a day. But the wages are the only redeemin' feature. If he cut wages, they'd walk out on 'im. Ye get

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the wages, but ye sell your soul at Ford's—ye're driven like a slave all day and when ye get out ye're too tired to do anything—ye go to sleep on the car comin' home. But as it is, once a Ford worker, always a Ford worker. Ye get lackadaisical, as they say in Lancashire—ye haven't got the guts to go. There's people who come to Ford's from the country, thinkin' they're goin' to make a little money—that they'll only work there a few years and then go back and be independent. And they stay there forever—unless they get laid off. Ye've never got any security in your job. Finally they moved us out to the Rouge—we were the first people down there—we pioneered there when the machinery wasn't hardly nailed down. But when they began gettin' ready for Model A, production shut down and we were out of a job. I'd tried to get transferred, but they laid me off. Then I 'eard they were wantin' some die-makers—I'd never worked at die-makin', but I said I'd 'ad five years at it and got a job, and I was in that department three years till I got laid off last July. I ahsked to be transferred and they laid me off. They'll lay ye off now for any reason or no reason.

"It's worse than the army, I tell ye—ye're badgered and victimized all the time. You get wise to the army after a while, but at Ford's ye never know where ye're at. They'll tell ye all of a sudden some day to get the hell out of an aisle that ye've gone on the day before. In one department, they'll ask ye why the hell ye haven't got gloves on and in another why the hell ye're wearin' them. If ye're wearin' a clean apron, they'll throw oil on it, and if a machinist takes pride in 'is tools, they'll throw 'em on the floor while he's out. The bosses are thick as treacle and they're always on your neck, because the man above is on their neck and R——'s on the neck of the whole lot—he's the man that pours the boiling oil down that old Henry makes. There's a man born a hundred years too late, a regular slave driver—the men tremble when they see R—— comin'. I don't know how he's ever survived with those Sicilians that are quick at the gun—I cahn't understand a man committin' suicide and not taking R—— with 'im!—He used to be very brutal—he'd come through and slug the men. One day when they were movin' the plant he came through and found a man sittin' workin' on a box. 'Get up!' says R——. The man kept on sittin' on the box. 'Get up!' says R——. 'Don't ye know ye can't sit down in here?' The man never moved, and R—— kicked the box out from under 'im—and the man got up and bashed R—— one in the jaw. 'Go to hell!' he says. 'I don't work here—I'm workin' for the Edison Company!'[1]

"Then ye only get fifteen minutes for lunch. The lunch wagon comes around—the ptomaine wagon, we call it. Ye pay fifteen cents for a damn big pile of sawdust. And they let you buy some wonderful water that hasn't seen milk for a month. R—— owns stock in one of the lunch companies. A man's food is in his neck when he starts workin'—it hasn't got time to reach 'is stomach. A man checks 'is brains and 'is freedom at the door when he goes to work at Ford's. Some of those wops with their feet wet and no soles to their shoes are glad to get under a dry roof—but not for me! I'm tryin' to forget about it—it even makes me sick every time I get on a car goin' west!"

[1] This story is a Detroit legend. I heard three different versions of it from three different people there.—E. W.

Bert lives with a man named Hendrickson, an American, who works for the —— Company. Hendrickson gets thirty-five dollars a week for finding out what is the matter with dynamos and other things that don't work, but his interest in electricity does not stop with putting them back into running order. He has fitted up a little laboratory and study in the house where he and Bert board: it is hardly more than a narrow closet off the sitting room, but here Hendrickson has a blackboard on which he can chalk up his problems; a considerable technical library including works of pure mathematics such as Whitehead's, and one work of literature, Montaigne's "Essays"; blueprints of the Detroit transformers: diagrams of beautiful machines which have an abstraction almost mathematical, intricate rectangular cages of long taut lines, threaded here and there with blocks or with clusters of truncated carets; a little wash-closet converted into a dark room where he is able to make these blueprints at something like a third of the cost of having them done at a regular photographer's; a pile of original papers on various problems, neatly bound in blue folders; and photographs of Steinmetz and Tesla. Hendrickson is a great admirer of Steinmetz. He has two pictures of him and thinks one of them particularly good. He explains that it was hard to get a picture of him because he was a humpback—he wouldn't be able to get into the country if he was to come over now, he adds. Hendrickson never actually saw Steinmetz, but he can describe the way he used to lecture almost as if he had heard him: Steinmetz talked without notes and unless he was stopped he would go on and on forever, but he was so interested in what he was talking about and made everything so clear that he carried everybody along with him and you were willing to keep on listening to him indefinitely. Bert says that Hendrickson has the same gift. In the next room, with its gray ugly mottled wallpaper, its picture of Queen Victoria and its little old-fashioned prayer-meeting organ, the stout lady of the house dozes amid the Sunday paper while her mongrel black and tan puppy plays on the carpet beside her with a toilet-paper roll and a bone.

Bert has a great opinion of Hendrickson's brilliance and feels that he is being exploited by his superiors: it seems that the experts of the —— Company get the credit for learned scientific papers for which Hendrickson has supplied both the researches and the conclusions. In every organization, says Bert, one man owns the cart and the

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others ride in it. But this does not seem to worry Hendrickson—he has no quarrel with the —— Company: he is extremely proud of the fact that Detroit has more twenty-five-thousand-volt underground cables than any other city in the country. His face is permanently pocked and scarred with acid spilled on it some years ago, but this does not seem to have had any psychological effect on him. He is unceasingly preoccupied with the problems of electricity, and when for a few moments he has time on his hands, he sits down, no matter where or what time of day, and goes sound asleep. Bert is a maladjusted man—an Englishman, he is unhappy between the middle class and the working class; but Hendrickson belongs to a homogeneous world, where questions of class do not exist because all are dedicated to the progress of electricity. Hendrickson is short on the practical side and Bert is short on the theoretical. Hendrickson can figure anything out—like the camera for making blueprint enlargements—and provide the mathematics, but Bert has to build it for him.

"I wouldn't mind having my job at L—— back—I quit last November to get married. First I worked at R——; that's the worst place of all to work. The presses are awfully close together and there are no stools, you have to stand. There's an awful ringing in your ears from the noise of the presses, but I used to hum tunes to the rhythm—I used to hum the 'Miserere.' They make interior parts—ash-receivers and domelight rims and escutcheons—those are the little brass plates behind the doorknob that holds it in. You have a strip of brass and run it through the press—you step on a pedal and the die comes down and cuts it out. We were working with small No. 4 presses, and we were supposed to turn out 1,624 pieces an hour. Most of the girls couldn't make it and if they couldn't make it enough times, they'd get their base rate lowered. For instance, if you were a dome-rim maker, say, and couldn't do 512 pieces an hour, you'd be cut from thirty-two cents to twenty-eight cents. If you made a misstep on the pedal, you were liable to lose a finger—I always had some kind of a cut. When an accident happens nobody ever tells about it and sometimes you don't know definitely till a week later—but I could always tell if something had happened as soon as I came into the room: the place always seems very clean and everybody's very quiet. Once when I was there a girl lost her finger and gave a terrible shriek—and another time when the same thing happened to another girl, she just put a rag around her hand and quietly walked out. One day a girl got two fingers cut off and they sent everybody home. A man in the hinge department lost three fingers once the same week. People often don't use the safety devices because they can work faster without them. Then your chest would get cut up from the trimmings—mine was all red. And the oil gives you an itch—your arms get itchy and you just about go crazy—they'd give you some white stuff to put on it, but it didn't do any good.

"But I got so I had a certain amount of skill—I used to take satisfaction in turning out so many pieces a day and I got to be known as a fast worker. I liked it better than the telegraph company. I liked the girls at L—— much better than the telegraph girls: the telegraph girls are always talking about the men who are going to take them out and how much money they spend on them. The girls at L—— were mostly married, and you could have a much better time with them. The telegraph girls are thin and nervous as a whole. They're always breaking down. The turnover is terribly high—it's supposed to be 100 percent every three years. The machine that you punch out the messages on is speeded up to sixty words a minute—3,600 words an hour. No stenographer has to work as fast as that. And you've got the supervisor over you all the time. You have to join the company union—if you refuse, you're fired. Ever since the telephone and telegraph operators' strike after the War, the telegraph company has been scared of the C. T. U.

"I only make $75 a month now—less than at L——: I never earned less than $40 for two weeks when I was there. And they're going to put in 80-word-a-minute machines now, it seems—they've got them in Chicago already. When we get them here, I'm going to quit.

"There was a freedom at L——; you can go in a gingham dress. And I could bully the foreman and everybody. At the telegraph company, the supervisors aren't supposed to fraternize with the girls. And I enjoyed wearing a clean cap on Fridays—on Fridays we all wore a clean cap and I used to get a kick out of it."

"I came over from Glasgow in 1923, when I was sixteen—they pretty near had a revolution over there in 1919 after the War. My father had a barbershop—when he first came over here, he was out of work for three months—our sole piece of furniture was a trunk—we'd brought bedding from the old country. My father finally went to worruk as a check-strap-maker and got $8 a day. I went to high school—I won a couple of prizes while I was there. I was on the debating team, and I won a prize in an oratorical contest held by the Better America Federation—that's a bunch of patriots in Los Angeles. I was on the committee on the class-day program the year that I graduated and I had a tiff with one of the teachers: she said to me, 'James McRae, you'll either die on the gallows or become a socialist!'

"Then I went to City College. In the meantime, I carried papers for the Free Press—then I checked accounts for a news company. I also worruked in a department store for $5 a week and as bookkeeper in a savings bank. One summer I worruked at Packard. I was assistant treasurer at college—but we had Weisbord and Scott Nearing

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come and speak under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and as a result they kicked us out of it. Then we forrumed a liberal club and became more neurotic and radical than before. We got out a paper and we asked an organizer of the Auto Worrukers' Union to speak before our club, and as a result of that our club was forbidden to meet in the college. We had three sessions with the Dean, and he finally threw us out of the office. He told me to shut up or get kicked out. We were very nervous and hysterical at that time. But then one of the liberal journalists hearrud about it and wrote about it in the Scripps-Howard papers, and the Dean backed down and took me back as assistant treasurer.

"In the meantime, my father'd had an accident —he was blown up in a shack where he was worruking and the company fought the case. My mother tried to go to worruk at R——, but, what with the noise and the fear of losing a finger, she collapsed after two days. There are more accidents at R—— than anywhere else—they have no safety devices. They used to say R—— supported the Checker cabs carrying people to the infirmary. Then the paint room blew up out there in the spring of '27 —the paint wasn't properly stored. The papers said there were twenty-nine killed, but there were a couple of hundred actually—lots of them were foreign born with families in the old country, and they just said nothing about them. You couldn't get into the hospital that day for stepping over bodies from the R—— blast. We lost our house because we couldn't keep up the payments—then the first big lay off came and they've been laying off ever since. I'd worruked at the Kelsey Wheel Company—I worruked twelve hours a night on the night shift and got $30 a week. I carried rims from one section to another section on the Chevrolet line. Then I got a job at Ford's as a push-rod grinder at $5 a day—I was raised to $6 at the end of sixty days, and when the wage raise came in, I got seven bucks—but by that time we were only worruking two days a week, so I only got $14 a week. Finally I quit—I wanted to go to Brookwood Labor College. I didn't mind factory worruk in itself—for two or three hours it used to stimulate my mind. But eight or ten hours of it deadens you—you're too tired to do much when you're through.

"I was disappointed in Brookwood—it was pretty much the same as a capitalist college. They fired one of the professors because he was too revolutionary. Muste asked me to be a delegate to the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, but I didn't have much faith in progressivism. I expect nothing from students and middle-class movements. I used to go around and make speeches to college students and other groups at New Haven and other places, and the college students are the worst of all: the only thing they know about industry is what they're taught in the textbooks in their courses. And they all think Ford is very benevolent—one of them insisted that what I said couldn't be true because he'd been through the Ford factory once and he'd seen a man lying asleep and the foreman went by and let him sleep. I don't know how he could have seen that!

"When I left Ford's, I was idle for three weeks, then I got a job as adding-machine operator in a bank. I stuck on by hook or by crook, till I was laid off the other day. I was laid off while I was eating lunch—they said, 'Here's your pink slip—you're a fine worruker and so forth, but we've got to cut down expenses.' Now I'm looking for worruk. I'd like to go to Russia and worruk in a factory over there, if I could raise the transportation. At one time, I thought I wanted to be a college instructor—but when I saw the colleges and the teachers and the restrictions they were under, I gave up the idea—I'd rather be free.

"What we ought to have here is a revolutionary movement geared into the peculiar needs of the American worrukers, and I'll say quite frankly that if it isn't the Communist party, I don't see any other elements in the country who will supply it. The Communists here have done a lot—they've practically stopped evictions. When there's an eviction about to take place, the people notify the Unemployment Council and the Communists go around and wait till the sheriff has gone and then move all the furniture back into the house. Then the landlord has to notify the authorities again and the sheriff has to get a new warrant, and the result is that they usually never get around to evicting people again. They've got the landlords so buffaloed that the other day a woman called up the Unemployment Council and asked whether she could put her tenants out yet. The Unemployment Council said no. The Communists led the Flint strike last summer. It started as a spontaneous walk-out by the trimmers and was taken up by the Auto Worrukers' Union—where the Communists were dominant. They were striking against a wage cut of 33 1-3 percent and certain foremen they didn't like and the speed-up and worruking conditions. The whole force of the state was mobilized against them. They broke up the strike meetings and the six leaders were taken out by dicks and beaten up in the woods. Finally they broke the strike by rounding up the leaders and locking them up—they couldn't get a lawyer in Flint to defend them. But the company took back the wage cut and got rid of the foremen and granted their other demands. The union was wiped out, however. The Auto Worrukers' News, that had had a circulation of twenty thousand, went out of existence after the strike.

"It's a weakness of the Communists just at present that they don't talk the language of the American worruker. Take the leaflets they pass out at these demonstrations—they're all stereotyped radical phrases. Your American worruker wants something concrete. I could wish, too, that they had more interest here in the discussion of their ideas. I went around one day with a book by Plekhanov on the philosophical problems of Marxism, a very

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illuminating book—but they wouldn't take any interest in it. There's a small I. W. W. group, too—I went around there and tried to see them, but they're so suspicious that you can't get to them at all. What we need are democratic organs of education to show the worrukers the real nature of the capitalist system. The worrukers are being shaken out of their complacency and are waking up to the facts, and what they need is education along Marxian lines." EDMUND WILSON.

The Need for a New Party

II: *The Breakdown of the Old Order*

I SAID in my previous article, published last week in The New Republic, that present politics is wholly out of line and out of touch with the realities of American life, that it is bound up with the interests of production, of industry, transportation and finance, in separation from the needs and problems of consumption and the standard of living. As I am writing, I find a vivid picture in the Sunday magazine section of The New York Times of the state of affairs in Washington, painted by an unusually keen and shrewd observer, Anne O'Hare McCormick. She finds the prevailing physical fog there to be symbolic of a mental and moral fog that obscures from the denizens of the Capitol and the White House all vision of the realities of the country. "An economic earthquake has struck the world. . . . Changes of the most baffling character are taking place in the structure of society, and more than anywhere else in the structure of American society. . . . And so far as you can see and hear, no real sense of these events has penetrated the Capitol. . . . It is the sense of reality that is missing from this scene, the sense of participation in human experience. It is a place where everything is expressed and nothing is felt, a place where all the emotions are vicarious emotions, a place where all thoughts are clichés."

"The whole effect is histrionic, shoddy, empty of life. . . . The world of politics is lost in the fog it creates. . . . The old iron dome is a kind of last refuge from reality, but the refugees have a growing fear that they are missing something big." While the "world is turning somersaults, the politicians are living in the future, in the next campaign; and at the same time living in the past." It is no wonder that everything is confused and complicated. "What appears on the surface is too trivial or too intricate for warfare on the epic scale. . . . . Nobody remembers when so many conflicts broke at once and when the sides were so tangled up and so indistinct. . . . All the deadlocks, mergers, submergers, strategies, party slogans, interchangeable Lefts and Rights, sound hollow because they are hollow; there is no body to them, certainly no soul." The only remaining reality is the next election, and consistent thought is given only to trying to guess the effect of this and that measure and strategy upon the voter. It is, if I may paraphrase, a struggle for immediate power with no one having any idea of what is to be done with the power if it is gained—except to use it again in the next election.

I have ventured to quote scattered statements at considerable length because the picture of the immediate situation in Washington is typical. The condition at Washington reflects accurately the condition of politics throughout the country. The former has nothing to do with the realities of American life because the latter is completely out of connection. The situation explains the discontent and disgust of the people with the old parties and it constitutes the opportunity for a new party. We have long been told that politics is unimportant, that government is merely a drag and an interference; that the captains of industry and finance are the wise ones, the leaders in whose hands the fortunes of the country are safely entrusted.

The persons who keep reiterating such sayings forget, or they try to conceal from view, that the confusion, the perplexity, the triviality, the irrelevance, of politics at Washington merely reflect the bankruptcy of industrial "leadership," just as politics in general is an echo, except when it is an accomplice, of the interests of big business. The deadlocks and the impotence of Congress are definitely the mirror of the demonstrated incapacity of the captains of industry and finance to conduct the affairs of the country prosperously as an incident to the process of feathering their own nests. It would be ludicrous, were it not tragic, to believe that an appeal to the unregulated activities of those who have got us into the present crisis will get us out of it, provided they are relieved from the incubus of political action. The magic of eating a hair of the dog which bit you in order to cure hydrophobia is as nothing to the magic involved in the belief that those who have privilege and power will remedy the breakdown they have created. As long as politics is the shadow cast on society by big business, the attenuation of the shadow will not change the substance. The only remedy is new political action based on social interests and realities.

When the country was enjoying what was called prosperity, the doctrine that big industrialists are the true guardians of the welfare of society in gen-

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eral had a temporary appeal. It is hard to imagine any doctrine more inept than this is now, when such "leadership" has brought the country to the present impasse, marked by widespread human woe. The wise and powerful leaders are still disputing among themselves how the present crisis came about; they assign this and that cause. They have no idea how long it will last or how we shall get out of it. They are gambling with chance; they put their faith in the blind goddess of luck. They could not, most of them, even guess right on their own specialty, the stock market. Their pretension to social leadership has been exploded. The bursting of the loaded shell has left loss and ruin behind it.

American memory is notoriously short; we go from incident to episode in the briefest moment. But it is possible to recall the time when we were told that delay in passing the tariff bill was the major obstruction to the revival of business and prosperity; the day when the organs of big industry were holding up recalcitrant Senators as the only significant obstacle. Well, the tariff bill was passed, raising our tariff walls still higher. The Democratic party, having decided that the way to win power was to wear the Republican uniform, made no effective opposition; it was, on the whole, an accomplice to the passage of the bill, passive and even active. The result was just what impartial economists predicted. It was a challenge to the world to engage in economic war. The response was prompt. Imports were curtailed and production at home was lessened because the access to the market was hindered. Exports fell off. The consumer paid a higher price for what he was still able to buy, but the manufacturing interest lost rather than gained, because the margin supplied by export trade was cut down.

The tariff situation is significant far beyond itself. It exemplifies the bankruptcy of archaic political ideas and policies. It demonstrates the bankruptcy of industry as now conducted in conserving even its own economic interests. There were indeed some industrialists, drawn chiefly from the new, expanding lines of manufacture, who had no sympathy with making tariff walls higher and more obstructive. But they made no active and aggressive campaign in opposition; they were afraid to do so, because the whole economic system was so interwoven with the political policy of favoring production at the expense of consumption. They disliked particular instances of the policy, but they endured them rather than do anything which might alter the system itself.

There can be little doubt, I think, that the new tariff was unpopular with people in general. But they were unable to make an effective protest; they were too bewildered to attempt to protest. They had no organ of opposition, because both old parties were tied to the system of fostering the immediate short-time interests of production without reference to its effect on the consumer and the standard of living. It has seemed over and over again as if the limit had been reached in the way of high tariffs; there are many who predict that the last tariff is the expiring move of the ultra-protectionists. But I should hesitate to join these prophets. For the tariff policy is not an isolated thing. It has been the mistake of those in favor of lower tariffs to treat the matter as if it were isolated and could be treated by itself. A general reversal of the trend of political life can alone emancipate the tariff from the clutches of parties which are themselves in the hands of the dominant economic interests.

What has been said about the tariff applies also to the other economic questions which are already in politics—transportation (the railways), power and the allied public utilities, finance, banking, credit and the control of the issuance of securities. Neither of the old parties is prepared to do more than make concessions to the interest of the public; nothing fundamental can be expected from them. They are hindered both by their dependence upon those who control these interests and by their own habits of mind. The things which have been mentioned are interlocked. The proposed railway mergers cannot go into effect in any case for several years; the public endorsement of the plan by President Hoover (so direct that it had to be toned down and more or less explained away) had an eye to the stock market and to speeding up business rather than to the issue itself. As The New Republic has pointed out, the St. Paul decision makes it doubtful whether the mergers are to be managed in the interests of the general public or even the shippers, or in those of the bankers who handle the reorganizations.

With the growing domination of industry by finance, a domination which is now all but an accomplished fact, any attempt at regulation of electrical power is met, and will be met more and more, by a concentrated money power operated through the big bankers who finance the power companies and public utilities. The connection is so close that some of the big companies producing electric power are hardly more than branches of big financial houses. The latter are in turn locked into the big industrial companies which produce the equipment and apparatus employed in the production and use of power and light and radio communication. The acme of reckless inflation in the late stock market of malodorous memory was reached in the power companies and their allies. Mergers nominally undertaken in the interest of increased economy and efficiency were floated for stock-jobbing purposes. The union of power-production companies, banking and manufacturing will be hard to buck; their combined influence radiates in every direction, including the well known attempt, in considerable measure successful, to control the public press by purchase and by pressure of advertising.

I agree with those who believe that the power issue is the most weighty single issue in the political field. The question is whether the public will lose

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the opportunity it has, as it did when the great development of railways was the uppermost factor in American life. But, as I have been saying, the power issue is not in fact single. On the contrary, it is a phase of the immense complex of production and finance which rules, but does not govern, industry and society. For governing implies the maintenance of an order and stability (to say nothing of welfare) which the present regime fails to obtain—as is evident in the present breakdown. Because the power issue is only a part of the economic situation, it cannot be successfully tackled as an isolated affair. And this is the only way in which the old parties will tackle it at the very best; they are more likely to attempt only feeble and half-hearted gestures.

The entire situation makes it imperative that there be fundamental thinking and action along new social lines. The chaos and confusion at Washington are the mark and proof of the total inability of the old parties even to be aware of the condition of affairs which so stirs society. It is unrealistic in the highest degree to suppose that they can or will do anything about it. Though Lincoln and Jefferson should rise from the dead, they would not be persuaded. Their organizations from top to bottom are bound up with the very things that need to be attacked. And, as I have said, even if this external connection did not tie their hands, their habits of mind, their ideas and thoughts, are tied to the old order. A Saul here and there may see the new light, but the parties will go on thinking only of what concessions at this minor point and that may help them win the next election. What is needed is a party that will go to the legislators not as supplicants but as masters, a party that will command the doing of the fundamental things that need to be done.

JOHN DEWEY.

In his third article, which will appear next week, Professor Dewey will discuss the question of reforming the old parties and the probable constituent elements in a new one—THE EDITORS.

The Truce in India

A YEAR of struggle, which shook British rule in India as nothing since the Mutiny had shaken it, ends in a generous truce. After the tension and the tragedy, this national movement, worthy of a singularly gentle people, will revert to its habitual mood of gayety. Once more at dawn the daily processions of youths will resume their practice of parading the streets, singing as they march, now a solemn patriotic hymn and again a jolly satirical ballad. I can see the villagers along the seashores of Bombay and Bengal, led by an orchestra of drums and triangles, chanting under the palms their song of triumph, because at last their agitation has won for them the right to use the salt which the sun manufactures for them at every ebb tide. The terms of the formal treaty which Mr. Gandhi has negotiated with Lord Irwin provide for a comprehensive amnesty. Out of the jails the prisoners are already emerging. The peasants, with a few unfortunate exceptions, will resume possession of the buffaloes, the irrigation pumps and the fields which had been confiscated to cover the land taxes which they had refused to pay. India had suffered in these months of unflinching sacrifice an incredible interruption to her normal life of tillage and trade. She will go back to it with a new sense of elation and hope. Nothing will ever be quite the same for her. She has discovered her strength, and even the villagers have felt the power of their millions.

Two details stand out from this treaty as characteristic marks of Mr. Gandhi's handiwork. He has won a tardy recognition of the justice of his complaints against the salt monopoly and, with certain limitations, he is permitted to continue his boycott of foreign cloth. Without the concession which permits the coastal villages to evaporate salt for their own use, there would have been no treaty. There is an almost childlike directness in Mr. Gandhi's mental processes. About the legal details of India's future constitution he cares, I imagine, very little: assuredly he does not conceive them as a system. But all the while, as he watches the Indian government and British statesmen, he searches for some concrete proof of sincerity. For him this salt monopoly has always been the test case. Why it stirs him so deeply I do not fully understand—perhaps because he was himself brought up on the sandy shores of the northwest coast. It is assuredly a bad tax, since, with majestic impartiality, it falls equally on the poor and the rich. The Indian villager is so poor that for him even a tax of seven cents per head is not negligible. One could point to a dozen evils which are more obviously the causes of his poverty, but here was a wrong which seemed easy to remove. Did not Lord Curzon, in some respects a hard man, halve the tax, twenty years ago, and promise its early abolition? "Any government," so reasoned Mr. Gandhi, "which really cared about the poverty of India's half-starved peasantry would end this imposition. How the imperial power will act when it has the delicate machinery of the new constitution under its hand is difficult to predict. But by the salt test one can gauge its good will and its responsiveness to Indian opinion." Its reaction to this test has been slow, and even now

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it is incomplete. But the index has registered a movement, and Mr. Gandhi is satisfied.

The question of the trade boycott raises delicate issues of casuistry. At times Mr. Gandhi will describe his tactic of non-violence as a method of overcoming one's enemy by love. The unemployed mill hands of Lancashire may not have realized this spiritual aspect of the buyers' strike which deprived them of a market and of work. In vain did Mr. Gandhi insist that his aim was rather to encourage Indian than to penalize British industry. The Indian masses know no such nice distinctions. An Indian crowd, when it saw an Englishman approach, would shout "Boycott!" with all its lungs: the tone, I used to think, expressed anything but love. It is clear that the boycott of foreign cloth will continue. The more whole-hearted of Mr. Gandhi's followers will continue to wear the coarse homespun of the village weaver. For the rest the Indian-owned mills may soon be in a position to provide. They have been working double shifts, and are now adjusting their machines to spin the higher counts which hitherto India has imported. Some revival of the import trade may come in other directions, but my strong impression is that Lancashire will not recover the Indian market. Picketing is legal, if carried on with discretion, and the national movement will keep its militant forces in being by watching the doors alike of cloth warehouses and of liquor shops. When India governs herself, she will avenge, by a policy of high protection, the wrong which the East India Company did to her native industries a century ago.

Beyond these negotiations for a truce, lies the vastly more important issue of the second Round Table Conference. Gandhi will come to it with immense prestige, and this will be doubled, if he can in the interval succeed in bridging the gulf of mistrust which divides Moslems from Hindus. The men whose feuds so nearly wrecked the London gathering represented the India of the day before yesterday. Young India is contemptuous of the divisions which have perpetuated foreign rule. The old men, however, are strongly entrenched, and all Mr. Gandhi's gift for mobilizing opinion will be needed, if the Moslems are to yield the central point of contention. Luckily for India, they trust him as they trust no other Hindu. The London draft left standing the disastrous arrangement by which voters of the two faiths are inscribed on separate electoral rolls, and vote in separate constituencies. The scheme puts a premium on intolerance, perpetuates confessional parties and makes it difficult to obtain attention for any program based on social and economic realism. Democracy can begin in India only when men of the two creeds vote together as citizens of the common mother land.

It is to be expected that Mr. Gandhi, when he enters the decisive Conference, will seek to lighten the burdens and lessen the restrictions which the London draft imposed. He must justify his decision of last August to prolong the struggle, by winning more for India than the moderates could achieve. The central motive of his political thinking is the conviction (to my mind, a dangerous exaggeration) that the prime cause of Indian poverty is to be sought in the burden of foreign rule. His thinking is disconcertingly concrete. While the trained intellects of the older generation are at home among the niceties of constitutional argument, Mr. Gandhi, caring for none of these things, may concentrate on the simple purpose of reducing the cost of the foreign garrison and the Civil Service, and the burden of the debt. One cannot feel sure of the outcome, for the Tory outcry against concession grows in volume, and Mr. Baldwin, whose personal attitude is liberal, has to hold a rebellious party together.

The chief danger, as I see it, is that Indians, thinking only of the issue of nationality, may accept a constitution which will distort the balance of social forces for a generation to come. The London draft suggested a franchise which would confer the vote on something between 10 and 20 percent of the adult population. In such cases it is invariably the richer rather than the needier tenth which receives the protection of the vote. That basis, combined with checks upon change borrowed from the rigid American model, would alone suffice to make the new Indian constitution a firm buttress for things as they are. The balance of power will be with the landlords, the manufacturers, the traders, the usurers and the lawyers who serve them.

The gravest defect of the London draft is, however, the power which it confers on the Princes. It is a great gain that India should be consolidated by their entry into a federal union. But as the draft stands, there is no requirement that the representatives which their dominions will send to the Federal Congress shall be elected. The Princes have stipulated that they shall be free to determine their own form of representation, which means that in most cases they will nominate their own trusty servants. In this way a solid conservative block will be created in the Congress which, in combination with the more conservative groups from British India, will assure to every propertied interest an unshakable and permanent majority. It is, indeed, because they trust the conservatism of the Princes that the more intelligent leaders of the British governing class have smiled on the London draft. If India were freed tomorrow from the salt monopoly, if the land tax were halved, as Mr. Gandhi demands, and the army with it, the villages would be as far as ever from prosperity if functionless landlords and harpy usurers continued to prey on their labor. This constitution will be a poor instrument with which to combat Indian poverty if it leaves the Indian Princes still entrenched at the seat of power.

H. N. Brailsford.

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Washington Notes

Running Mates—A Dry Hoover and a Rainy Morrow—The New Jersey Senator Goes Standpat—Rise of Roosevelt

THOUGH Congress has adjourned and the Democratic and progressive conferences have ended, there still linger here in Washington an unusually large number of politicians of both parties. I ascribe their continued presence to their desire to know as much as possible about the trend toward presidential candidates and platforms before going home for the long stay. On the Republican side little of interest has occurred except the rumor that Senator Dwight W. Morrow will be Hoover's running mate in 1932.

Some weeks ago I touched upon the possibility that Vice President Curtis, after viewing the situation with his cold political eye, would conclude to run for Senator from Kansas next year instead of seeking renomination as Vice President. Within the last few weeks this seems to have grown from a possibility to a probability and accounts for the Morrow gossip. Personally I do not take it very seriously. For one thing, I am convinced that Mr. Morrow will do all he can to prevent his being named. However, quite a few of the shrewder political fellows take stock in the idea. It rather appeals to the typical Republican mind to counterbalance a Dry Hoover with a Wet Morrow, letting both stand on a law-enforcement platform. Apropos of Mr. Morrow, it may here be noted that he has somewhat suffered in prestige among politicians since he entered the Senate. Probably he stands just as well in the country, but in the closing days of the session there was a general disposition to regard him as a disappointment.

Nor was the feeling particularly due to the fact that he had gone through the entire three months without once getting up on his feet even to make a motion. While it did seem that during the bitter fight over drought relief and the bonus loan there was a fine chance for a Senator with character and brains effectively to unload his mind, still his silence could be understood. There was not only the old and foolish Senate tradition to be observed, but there was Mr. Morrow's understandable desire to familiarize himself with the rules, make friends and avoid the mistake of futile oratory.

It was his votes rather than his silence that lowered Mr. Morrow's prestige. Before he took office there was a widespread idea that he was a "real liberal" at heart, despite his former Morgan and Company partnership and his wealth. Something of independent thought and action was expected of him. There was no evidence of either during the session. On the contrary, Senator Morrow was a regular of the regulars—more regular, in fact, than Jim Watson himself—as regular as Simeon D. Fess. It is impossible to say more. On every vote on every measure, Mr. Morrow supported the administration, voted with the organization.

The net result is that neither his colleagues nor the correspondents consider him liberal or progressive. He is regarded as a regular Republican from a Wet state—nothing more. Probably in the next Congress he will take a more conspicuous part in the proceedings, but so far as Washington is concerned, he is now classified. It is not particularly surprising that he should be mentioned for the vice presidency. He would help the Hoover ticket in the East, particularly if Young should be the Democratic nominee—and he would help with the Wets, but he will not appeal to the progressives. I do not think he takes the suggestion seriously and I know he does not want to run.

I have reason to believe that he is bored in the Senate and is not particularly happy about having been elected. He would be still unhappier presiding over that body, but he had better be careful—he may land there. However, the whole business is gossip and at this time without any particular basis in fact. Mr. Morrow's relations with Mr. Hoover during the session were friendly and cordial without being intimate. He visited the White House a number of times, but was on no such intimate footing as when his Amherst classmate, the inimitable Calvin, occupied the throne.

Among the Democrats there is no use blinking at the fact that the star of Governor Roosevelt is in the ascendant, despite the aloofness of the big-business Democrats of New York and notwithstanding the general belief that the Raskob-Shouse outfit in Washington is inimical to his candidacy. The rise in Roosevelt Preferred is due, as I see it, to two things. First, there was the fact that he inspired the New York State Committee to pass the resolution denouncing as unwise Raskob's efforts to force the Committee to take a stand on prohibition. Undoubtedly that excessively exasperated Messrs. Smith, Raskob and Shouse, but it certainly struck a responsive chord in the bosoms of the Southern Drys. Roosevelt made friends in the South, increased his chances for the nomination and took his place as the one Wet candidate toward whom the South feels most friendly.

Roosevelt's other move which has enhanced his prospects was his designation of Judge Seabury to investigate the conduct of the Tammany District Attorney, Mr. Crain. In the country at large that seemed a move consistent with the Governor's reputation, an act of independence and fearlessness which was not political but public spirited. It will, it is held, partially eradicate the Tammany smear which he received during his last campaign. However, I do not believe he has injured his chances of a Tammany backing at the convention.

Summing up the Democratic situation, I find Mr. Young's erstwhile buoyant friends not quite so buoyant, and a great deal more Roosevelt talk than before. This probably is not deeply significant at a time so far in advance of the convention. Nevertheless, my experience in politics is that the horse that gets out ahead in the presidential race—if he is a reasonably good horse and not just a selling plater—generally stays ahead. If the beaverish gentlemen interested in other candidates are wise, they will not let Governor Roosevelt get too far out or he may run away from them. They did not intend to help him when they called the Committee together, but they did.

In White House circles there is considerable talk that Mr. Hoover's vetoes, particularly of the bonus and the Muscle Shoals bill, have helped him. Perhaps they have,

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though I fail to see it. The Muscle Shoals veto, it seems to me, intensifies the feeling that he is a friend of the power trust. In my judgment, however, the veto of the Wagner bill will plague him almost as much as anything else that he has done. I do not impugn the sincerity of the reasons he gave for his disapproval, but the veto has a political look and will be charged to political prejudice by both Democrats and progressives.

Color to the charge is lent, too, by the treatment accorded Mr. Wagner over his resolution appointing a committee of three Senators to study the question of unemployment insurance during the interval. Precedent and senatorial courtesy alike demanded that Senator Wagner be made chairman of the committee. Instead, Vice President Curtis named Glenn of Illinois chairman, Hebert of Rhode Island as one colleague and Wagner as the third man. In other words, he packed the committee with two conservative, stand-pat Republicans, ensured against a real report and sidetracked the one man who really knows something about the subject and has a real interest in it. To my mind it was an inexcusably partisan performance. It will—and it should—be dwelt upon.

Washington. T. R. B.

Coronado's Children

THERE were plenty of stories whose subjects were golden cities and kings, and they were told before the Spaniards had ever seen the New World. Those for the Southwest began with Cabeza de Vaca, shipwrecked on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, wandering those eight years from 1528 onward, crossing Texas with his journeys and met at last by a scouting party in the wild lands against the Gulf of California. With him at that time were eleven Indians and Esteban, a Negro slave by some accounts, by Mr. Dobie's a Moor. To this party of his countrymen Cabeza de Vaca told his life in the wilderness, and when that was said he pictured for them what he had heard of the fabled cities of the north. In the Seven Cities of Cibola men lived in palaces that were studded with sapphires and turquoises, inlaid with gold, which was indeed the common metal everywhere among them, as their arrow tips would show. It was toward those cities six years later that Coronado set out.

Coronado himself, in a gilded armor, rode at the head of the expedition, the 300 Spaniards, 1,000 extra horses, the herds of sheep and swine, the six swivel guns. They were to find the fabulous cities. Ahead of them went Padre Marcos de Nizza, the friar, and on ahead of the friar Esteban had been sent as one who knew the way. When in 1542 Coronado at last came home again and reported the cities as they were, all mud walls, savages and idle hopes, people would not believe him. The tales went on. These tales of riches and of El Dorado were parents to the later myths, legends and true histories of treasures, buried gold, secret loot, lost mines of silver or lead, hidden stores of gold, silver and jewels, of which Texas and the Southwest are so full. These stories go on today. You believe them or half believe them, as may happen. They answer something in men's natures that is forever young and strong. Today in the Southwest, fields are plowed and holes dug, mines are sought or caves that open into shafts, old signs and landmarks are noted, maps and papers with secret knowledges are followed.

All these are Coronado's children, these who believe and dream, these who follow tales that have passed from mouth to mouth and have gathered their own glamor from the desires of those who told and those who heard them. Hence the name of this book, hence its spell of delight.[1] For those who are dry and close, it receives the mirage of possibility and fortune; for those who are restless, it is all adventure and new scope; for those who have not yet lost that treasure-hunting romance of certain books when they were young, it is a legitimate reminder, made solid by certain eventualities and facts. Of these facts, as wild as any of the tales, we need mention only two or three, the discovery of gold in California, the millions found there, the silver in Nevada, the fortunes drawn from desert sands, the oil millions of later years. The charmed appeal of "Coronado's Children," or at least of parts of it, ought to be secure enough.

The high color of that country's history might lead to any myth. There were the Indians, the Spanish colonies and missions, the bandits and outlaws, the flights of treasure caverns, the sudden desertion of mines and stores, caves filled with debris and masonry, signs planted, charts drawn. These were actual facts and at the same time all that the imagination could desire. The stories turn on fabled sources of wealth, on silver bars hidden in river beds, on mines that were worked, lost, found and lost again, on inherited secrets, or great bare wastes, plains, mountains, where the exact fabulous spot can be sought for generations and never found. We have the lost San Saba Mine, for one, with its diverse names—Los Almagres, Las Amarillas, La Mina de las Iguanas, the Bowie Mine—and its famous document of Don Bernado de Miranda, in 1756, reporting on this region, its principal vein "more than two *varas* in width and in its westward lead of immeasurable thickness." James Bowie, who married Ursula de Veramendi, daughter of the vice-governor of Texas, lived among the Lipan Indians in order to learn the whereabouts of the silver stores taken from this mine and left behind by the Spaniards when they had to flee the district. But the War of Independence came on, Bowie died his heroic death in the Alamo, and the secret of the mine was lost with him.

After the San Saba Mine came numberless others. The story of them all is the same but always different. The treasure is there; it has been seen or stumbled on; death or sudden change of fortune, or the desperate and roving frontier ways, or gambler's luck, intervened; signs have been found again; sometimes holes show where chests have been secretly removed; sometimes nothing is said, but a poor man suddenly buys land, lives well, has money at the saloon or the bank. Besides the mines there are legends of desert nuggets, of Maximilian's treasure on its way after his death to be shipped from Galveston to Europe, of a bandit cache on this river and that. We come last to an account of the great Laffite in Texas, when Galveston Island was his headquarters, and later when he was driven further into more secret bayous and inlets along the shore. He

[1] Coronado's Children, by J. Frank Dobie. Dallas: The Southwest Press. 367 pages. $3.

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was at this time, because of his part in the Battle of New Orleans, a hero and a patriot, pardoned with all his men by the President of the United States; but despite that fact he could not resist a bonny cargo and so finally he was invited very politely by Lieutenant Kearney, in command of a United States man-of-war, to leave. Laffite departed, somewhere toward South America it is said, never to return; and legend alone carried on his history and remembered the bullion, the jewels, the booty scattered along the islands and creeks, deep in chests, marked by rods driven half into the earth, to be picked out some day by this sign or that.

The few cases where Mr. Dobie chose to tell his story in dialogue seem to me less successful. The rhythm of the speech is not quite convincing; the voice of the speaker is too much needed perhaps. But for the most part he works capitally, telling what there is to tell in a straight and simple narrative, very much as it might run in the mind of the average listener to those Southwestern tales. The book is doubtless too long. The likeness between the stories might justify more condensation now and then, for in a sense they fall into groups. And yet there is something bona fide and quite right in letting them drag along and ramble as they do, taking their time, saying their say, listening to their own leisure and echo. For this is the way they go, by right of their tradition and the manner in which, stage by stage, teller by teller, they have grown to be what they are. And this is the way they are told in their own country, around the camp fires, or out among the cattle ranges, or riding along the roads, or sitting on the ranch-house galleries. This is their friendly, slow mystery and their tried and proved method of adventure.

For all these stories of buried treasure and the undying dreams and the search, and for the book of these stories, there is a line that wisely serves, a delicious observation that Castañeda, its chronicler, made on Coronado's adventure: "Granted they did not find the riches of which they had been told, they found a place in which to search for them."

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Women Jurors

SIR: On March 4 the New York Senate Judiciary Committee granted its eleventh annual hearing on a bill to enable women to perform jury service.

In twenty-five other states similar hearings are urgently needed. Women citizens already serve in the District of Columbia and twenty-three states. Besides the insult to the eligible women, hardship is inflicted upon multitudes of women workers and young girls by the absence of women from juries.

This is the reason why the protracted delay of the twenty-five legislatures becomes every year a more urgent nation-wide interest of the women voters. They are weary of talking sense to legislative committees from whom they receive no more response than from the Great Wall of China or the pyramids of Egypt.

Throughout the years of our enfranchisement the New York Judiciary Committee has prevented the senate from voting on this important subject. This is twofold usurpation. Directly, the legislature is robbed of its right to decide. Indirectly, the women of more than half the states are treated as less intelligent and trustworthy than their sisters elsewhere. The practice of depriving the innocent women who appear in court as plaintiffs, and all the women defendants (whether guilty or innocent), indiscriminately, of the presence of a jury of their peers, robs the court of every semblance of justice wherever this happens.

The situation of the New York women is unfortunately not unique. It is only more conspicuous because, like the citizens of Illinois, they suffer from unparalleled lawlessness in our population. . . .

We are canvassing the constituencies of the fourteen usurping New York senators. Their names and addresses will be sent on application, free of charge, by the National Consumers' League, 156 Fifth Avenue, to all who are interested enough to ask for them with a view to participating in the canvass.

New York City. FLORENCE KELLEY.

Let Mussolini Muscle In

SIR: I have been looking in vain for the suggestion from you that instead of insulting Mussolini you invite him over to stop your racketeering. Considering the lawlessness of your country, is it not high time that you asked yourselves if you can possibly be in your right mind?

Peterborough, Canada. J. H. BARTON.

Mr. Sefton Spilled the Beans

SIR: Mr. I. H. Sefton of California, editor of The Colfax Record (who, by the way, was recently awarded a $1,000 life annuity by the Plymouth Motor Car Company as first-prize winner in a letter-writing contest), makes an astonishing and revealing assertion in The New Republic of February 11.

In fact, he lets the cat and all her kittens out of the bag. He has the sublime courage to say that "it is quite beside the point whether or not they [Mooney and Billings] are guilty of the particular crime of which they were charged and convicted," and that the people of California have decided to keep them locked up regardless of whether they are guilty or not, simply because they are not "the sort of people we want to run at large."

Those who have worked for the release of Mooney and Billings, and they include some of our most respectable citizens, have suspected, and even publicly charged, that these men were kept in prison, not because they are guilty of the 1916 bomb outrage, but because they are radicals—a claim which has thus far been denied by the pardoning authorities.

But Mr. Sefton, who presumably has inside information, spills the beans at last. Whether he is the authorized spokesman for the people of California, as he pretends to be, is another question.

Oakland, Calif. J. A. JACOBSEN.

Plea for a Public Defender

SIR: The recent shocking revelations of the Seabury investigation as to the Women's Court, which show the frequent denial of justice to women prisoners lacking money properly to protect their legal rights, call attention once more to the urgent need for an official public defender—in that court at least—to represent poor persons accused of crime.

Certainly out of the welter of charges that lawyers, policemen and bail bondsmen profit from those prisoners able to pay for protection and that those less fortunately situated are subjected to unjust conviction and imprisonment, there is ample justification for a public defender in this court.

The public-defender movement has been gaining tremendous headway throughout the country for many years past. This is attested by the adoption of the plan in various communities—and by the activities of numerous bar associations and civic groups to obtain appropriate legislation for better legal protection for accused persons who are presumed to be innocent until found guilty, after a fair trial.

The Committee on Public Defenders of the New York State Bar Association, of which the writer is chairman, submitted a favorable report at the recent annual meeting, which report was referred back to the Committee for coöperation with the Committee on Legal Aid Societies, so that a joint report could be submitted at the next annual meeting. . . .

New York City. MAYER C. GOLDMAN.

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Toward a New Regionalism

Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany, edited by B. A. Botkin. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 473 pages. $5.

THE LITERATURE of regionalism in the United States has gone through three stages: each stage has denoted a change in the underlying economic and social conditions.

The first is that which began in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the identity of the separate provinces and colonies was still well established, and when, in the breathing spell that followed the first settlement, a deliberate attempt was made to pick up the strands of local history and legend. In New York, this period was marked particularly by the rich local lore brought to light in Valentine's "Manuals"; in New England, it led to the writing of numerous local histories and to the recording of local legends. Every village had its historian, and the local presses, which were still numerous before the Civil War, frequently printed the monographs that came forth. Writers like Irving, Cooper, Whittier, Longfellow and Hawthorne deliberately used and embroidered the folk tales and historic episodes; even Melville seized upon the quaint adventures of a Revolutionary hero, Israel Potter, in one of his lesser works.

The most complete expression of this intense interest in regional life came in Thoreau's "Walden" and his "Cape Cod"; but before the railroad and the steamship had temporarily upset the regional balance, by draining wheat and meat and gold from the West, to say nothing of pumping impoverished workers from Europe into the big cities, we had a genuine regional culture in America—and the interest was pervasive even when it was unconscious.

After the Civil War regionalism in America passed into the second stage. The War had started with a Union of States in the act of dividing up: it had ended with a State of Union which, during the reconstruction period, denied autonomy to the conquered territories and ended by depleting and devitalizing the local life even in loyal parts of the country. In the haste of pioneering, as early as the thirties, local differences were ignored and obliterated: the pioneer was interested in abstractions, money, quarter-sections, power, and he did not concern himself with the manner in which these abstractions were translated into living landscapes and communities.

The extension of the railroad system, with its tendency to wipe out canal and river transportation and to diminish the value of the network of local highways, abetted centralization in large cities; the growth of the factory system in the main seaports and railway terminals likewise tended to undermine regional life; and above all, the vast displacements of population that took place, partly through the Western march and partly through the new immigration, unsettled regional life. The effect of the Irish Catholics upon the homogeneous culture of New England was typical of what happened more or less with other racial and social groups elsewhere. Only the shell of the old life remained. The germ of the new had not started to sprout.

During this period sentimental regionalism came into fashion—the regionalism that dwelt in wistful reminiscence on "the good old days." It is marked by the appearance in literature of Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus," by Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," by the stories of Howells and Garland, and in New England particularly by the emergence of a sharp, thin, somewhat spinsterish school of story writers, headed by Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett. This is the period of the dialect story and Bret Harte; of the Mark Twain who wrote "Life on the Mississippi" and "Roughing It," to say nothing of that supreme folk tale of sentimental regionalism, "Huckleberry Finn."

In almost all these writers the sudden change, the sweeping away of the customs and manners of the past and the decay of what remained, are accepted as final and inexorable facts. There was nothing to do about it; there was no way out. All that the writer could do was to dwell in memory upon the happier times that had gone by: seated in his metropolitan flat, he could regale a metropolitan populace with an account of "The Winning of the West" or life as "A Son of the Middle Border": at a lower level, there was Deadwood Dick, Jesse James, or—to take one of the most popular novels that ever came out of New England—Mrs. Waller's "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus."

This sentimental regionalism has not completely died out; but, like the frontier, it has been pushed back into remoter territories. In reaction against it an inverted regionalism—expressing hatred, repulsion and reproach—came into existence in the novels of Sinclair Lewis, in the "Spoon River Anthology" and in a host of minor works that came particularly out of the Middle West. This reaction, though it is not without its own kind of sentimentality, has paved the way for a newer and tougher conception of regionalism that has begun to appear both in literature and in social life. We approach a third stage.

"Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany," now in the second year, witnesses a mingling of the falling stream of sentimental regionalism with a new tide of interest based upon the perception that regionalism is not a lost cause or an archaic wish, but a contemporary fact that must be assimilated and consciously directed. On one side, the writers in "Folk-Say" are scholars in folklore and regional historians: they are still recording American versions of European ballads, running down songs and proverbs that grew up in the wilder parts of the country as little as a decade ago, studying the speech and mental habits of the lumberjack's camp, the wheat field, the oil pipe line, the mine, and taking down with fidelity and patience the dialects of various regions and racial strains.

All this is excellent work. Mrs. Mary Austin and Dr. Paul Radin have, from entirely different approaches, shown the way here with their use of Indian material; and Miss Louise Pound has done the same with the songs and verses of the lowbrow; while Mr. H. L. Mencken has incidentally performed a valuable service by opening The American Mercury to local reminiscences which throw light on the diversities of American experience, hitherto too narrowly summed up in the careers and adventures of the more Anglicized portions of the community. For providing a handsome format for a happy medley of such material, and giving it the contemporaneous interest of the yearbook, "Folk-Say" deserves commendation.

Such a miscellany needs only a more positive orientation of ideas, such as is indeed briefly indicated by Mrs. Mary Austin and by Mr. Henry Smith in the present annual, to become the center of a regional movement in this country. Regionalism as a modern social reality does not mean the resurrection of a dead way of life or the mummification of local customs and institutions; nor is it dependent upon excessive interest in the primitive, the naïve, the illiterate. It is, essentially, the effort to provide for the continuous cultivation and development of all the resources of the

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earth and of man; an effort which recognizes the existence of real groups and social configurations and geographic relationships that are ignored by the abstract culture of the metropolis, and which opposes to the aimless nomadism of modern commercial enterprise the conception of a stable and settled and balanced and cultivated life.

This new regionalism, in contrast to the belligerent nationalism of the nineteenth century, is not only compatible with a general culture, but an essential element in it. So far from fighting against the conditions of modern life, the regionalist points out that the telephone, the motor road, the radio, the airplane, the giant power line, have potentially shifted the balance of power to the local region: for where are the unique advantages of the metropolis, when its concerts may be heard over the radio or reproduced on the phonograph, when its art exhibitions can travel safely, when, in fact, most of its values are reproducible elsewhere —if they are worth the effort?

The dangers of a sentimental and retrospective approach to regionalism should be obvious. Local dialects are interesting to the new regionalist because, like slang, they represent the living speech; local foods may be desirable because they represent a better adaptation to the actual conditions of life; local variants in architecture and costume are significant because they are a more living response to the total situation: the emphasis must not be upon the place, but upon what the place fosters, upon the quality of its life. It is precisely because no region can live to itself that each must have a firm center of its own, since intercourse and reciprocity can take place only between equals. The alternative to a diversity of regional cultures is simply to make universal the parochialism of London, Paris, Berlin or New York: a method which in the end robs the metropolis of one of its genuine functions, namely, that of incorporating, reconciling and concentrating the diverse elements in the surrounding cultures.

Regionalism, then, is a contemporary issue, not a matter for pious antiquarianism; or rather, all that is legitimate in folklore, historical curiosity and regional pride will thrive best when they are taken, not as escapes from contemporary fact, but as contributions to a living culture. One trusts that future numbers of "Folk-Say" will attempt to grapple with this issue a little more exhaustively. The round-table conference on Regionalism at the University of Virginia next July ought to advance the discussion a little further.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Gamecock

High Stakes and Hair Trigger: The Life of Jefferson Davis, by Robert W. Winston. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 306 pages. $3.50.

Jefferson Davis: Political Soldier, by Elisabeth Cutting. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 361 pages. $5.

THE SUBJECT of Jefferson Davis seems to be a sort of Ulysses bow to the biographer. Since the day when Davis spoke ably in his own defense, much talent and scholarship, as well as acrimony and sentiment, have been brought to bear on the matter, but it remains an open and treacherous problem. Both Mr. Winston and Miss Cutting have recognized an opportunity, but the results, as they appear in "High Stakes and Hair Trigger" and "Jefferson Davis: Political Soldier," are disappointing. The two biographies would be interesting as pioneer work; the pioneer work, however, has been to a large extent accomplished, and now the reader has the right to expect more than this in the way of interpretation, organization and literary finish.

Mr. Winston's sympathies and prejudices are distinctly with the Southern unionists and against the Southern rebels. Since he writes not so much from the convictions of a biographer as from the political interest and passion of a contemporary, it is only natural that Jefferson Davis, the "Southern gamecock" and arch rebel, should receive in some instances a little less than justice. In the summary of "High Stakes and Hair Trigger," which goes under the title of "Rivet in Grandfather's Neck," Mr. Winston says: "Was Davis a traitor? The question is quite a simple one. Secessionist he was, but not traitor. Can treason be charged against ten million people occupying territory larger than France, England, Germany and Italy combined? Jefferson Davis's 'vice' was not treason: it was a failure to interpret progress and civilization." But this dispassionate estimate, which might in itself provoke some discussion of Mr. Winston's interpretation of progress and civilization, is somewhat belied by the tone of his narrative. There Davis is always the "gamecock," almost the conspirator of the old picture in a time of high stakes and hair triggers. His change of attitude toward secession between 1850 and 1861 is not made perfectly clear; and this later attitude, it will be recalled, was not precisely that of the conventional fire-eater. There is, for example, no reason to underestimate the importance or the sincerity of the sentiment expressed to Franklin Pierce on January 20, the day before Davis's last speech in the Senate: "Now I come to the hard task of announcing to you that the hour is at hand which closes my connection with the United States for the independence and union of which my father bled, and in the service of which I have sought to emulate the example he set for my guidance."

It appears that Mr. Winston sometimes oversimplifies Davis's position into one of automatic logic based on constitutional interpretation, and sometimes, in his own rather unexciting fashion, is a trifle too much intrigued by the melodrama implied in his title. In the last part of the book, however, when he is treating the declining years of a broken and no longer dangerous man, he is inclined to forego his occasional captious or torpid ironies and present the more human and impressive figure.

Rightly or wrongly Miss Cutting adds less than Mr. Winston in the way of interpretation of Davis's character and the circumstances which confronted him. The idea of the "political soldier," which her title defines, might have provided a suggestive approach, but it is obscured in the mass of material which the author never seems to get really in hand. This difficulty is one under which Mr. Winston also labors; neither of the biographers is able to keep the attention focused on Davis himself and at the same time control the data of the shifting background. The difficulty is naturally intensified in the strenuous four years of the war: when Davis should be most important, the outlines of the subject are lost in a conventional retelling of marches, battles and anecdotes. In general the treatment of this background is little more illuminating than that afforded by any good text book of the subject. An exception to this is Miss Cutting's extended discussion of the foreign policy of the Confederacy, but this section, interesting enough in itself, is never assimilated into the texture of her study.

This lack of literary expertness in handling the larger problem of the narrative itself is paralleled in both cases by more specific defects and mannerisms in style. Sentimental symbolism in which the Davis rose garden plays a good part appears with distressing frequency in Miss

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Cutting's story. And Mr. Winston in his more tender moments can write after this manner: "In despair this gentle man looked out into the troubled future and his heart almost ceased to beat, while his wife, with blanched cheeks, hugged her infant to her breast and shed burning tears upon its upturned face." It is too much to demand, and certainly too much to expect, that all books, even biographies, be written with lucidity, force and charm, but it is not too much, I believe, to demand that their pages be free from such blemishes.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Sympathetic to Revolt

Sympathetic to Bare Feet, by Jonathan Leonard. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

JONATHAN LEONARD'S first novel, "Back to Stay," was concerned with the efforts of an exile to return to his home in a village; his second, "The Meddlers," with the futile activities of a group of social-service workers in the city. The situation in "Sympathetic to Bare Feet" can hardly be summarized so casually. The title is taken from a description of a beach—"indifferent to behavior, reticent by nature, sympathetic to bare feet"—and, since the scene is the factory town of Augden Mills, it seems to imply a desire for a return to a less mechanized existence. A note of warmth in the descriptions of forests and farms, and a note of distaste in those of the narrow streets of the mill town—"There is so little space," the author remarks, referring to these streets, "between here and San Francisco"—confirm a suspicion that "Sympathetic to Bare Feet" should be classified as protest literature, in spite of its persistent good humor. It might be straining a point to say that Jonathan Leonard's third novel has a definite social message, since there is no obvious propaganda; but it may be that we have ceased to recognize the process of being persuaded by being entertained.

Entertaining is the adjective which occurs naturally in connection with Jonathan Leonard's writing. "Sympathetic to Bare Feet" has as large a share of humor as the two earlier novels; there is the same quality of surprise in the writing; there are as many amusing minor characters appearing and disappearing in the background, and as many funny, off-at-a-tangent comments on incidental subjects dropped during the progress of the story. But, in "Sympathetic to Bare Feet," the butt of most of the humor is an inventor, Daniel Mannister, the man whose machine for making empty boxes created the town of Augden Mills. In his picture of an industrial society, Jonathan Leonard has skipped the unessentials and concentrated on the source of it. It is worth noting, if Augden Mills is to be more than an isolated case, that Daniel is a pompous stuffed-shirt who never invented anything, but stole his machine in the first place.

The central character of the novel is Daniel's nineteen-year-old granddaughter Edith, and the story is largely of her efforts to fit herself into the life of the factory town. She has a love affair with the overseer of the truck drivers of the factory, and is at the point of marrying him when she breaks her engagement and leaves home to live with her great-uncle, a tolerant rural philosopher, in his farmhouse. She works for a time in the factory office, and rejects the proposal of the superintendent when she learns that he does not intend to give her an apartment in New York, but wants to marry her and buy a house in Augden Mills. At the end of the book, after her grandfather has broken her affair with a boy of her age, she runs away again. Such conflict as arises is between her grandfather the inventor, and her great-uncle, the road to whose farmhouse, the author suggests, leads to the past.

It will be seen from this summary that the social problems the novel evokes are presented entirely by implication. The poverty and the hopelessness of the factory workers are barely suggested, and Edith's revolt is almost instinctive; it never occurs to her to dignify her actions by that term. "Sympathetic to Bare Feet" is first of all a story, an amusing and, at times, a very moving one. Only on the last page, almost in the last paragraph, do we awaken to a knowledge that the characters are symbols of a drama larger than their own problems, and realize the significance of the story we have just finished. It is when Edith has announced that she is going away, when she turns on both the creator of the factory town and the man who has made his individual escape from it:

> "With my bare hands I will do what I can in the world. With my bare hands and my bare mind. No, Grandfather, I shall pack no trunk. Have you two been training me for it, you two who agree in nothing except that Augden Mills is a dead shell?"
>
> The room seemed to shrink. . . . Edith waved her hand. With a smile that was not without an admixture of fear, she disappeared down the secret passageway.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Consent of the Governed

The American Revolution and the British Empire, by R. Coupland. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 331 pages. $4.50.

"IT IS the age of revolts," wrote Horace Walpole in 1776, "and one has just broken out which we did not expect . . . the insurrection at Madrid. When the Spanish diadem totters, what royal head but must ache." A neglected aspect of this "age of revolt" is the subject of Mr. Coupland's stimulating little book. His theme, that the American Revolution produced a series of peaceful revolutions in the British Empire, is a new and flattering one to Americans. We have long been familiar with the old Whig tradition that Washington saved England from a royal despotism, but Mr. Coupland goes much farther. His provocative pages, written in a crisp, racy English, prove that American success forced Englishmen of both parties to overhaul imperial practice and theory, and in that order. Jefferson and Adams not only blew up the old dependent empire; they laid the foundations of the new British Commonwealth, which is now organized almost precisely as they wished the old empire to be reorganized in 1774.

"The most immediate and most certain effect of the American tragedy," says Coupland, was "the determination of all Englishmen that never again would they fight a civil war on the colonial issue." In other words, the English ruling class first applied to imperial politics that lesson of timely concession which, during the last century, has been their proof of statesmanship. First, in Ireland. There was a constant interplay of influence between the Thirteen Colonies and Ireland, whose position in the Empire was no less dependent than theirs in theory, and, owing to the narrow sea which divided her from the metropole, far more dependent in fact. Distance and circumstance saved America from severities of the acts of trade which

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were disastrous for Ireland. The Ulster linen industry and the woolen industry were ruined; tens of thousands of Irishmen emigrated, while those who remained, under the skilled and restrained leadership of Grattan, forced concession after concession from Whitehall, until in 1783 Ireland was both united and free. Free for but eighteen years, to be sure; the French Revolution brought reaction and repression where the American Revolution brought progress and liberty.

Although the effect of Yorktown was the most immediate and spectacular in Ireland, it may easily be seen in other parts of the Empire with a historical telescope. In India, to be sure, there was parallelism without obvious causation; America seems to have had no influence upon Pitt's India bill of 1784. In Africa, however, "there was one direct link between the achievements of Washington and Wilberforce": loss of the American slave market made the British slave trade more vulnerable to humanitarian attack. Australia became a British rather than a French colony because convicts could no longer be sent to the Thirteen Colonies. Nor would Canada have taken her first step toward dominion status but for the American Revolution. American loyalists gave Canada her first English-speaking population, and Whitehall found unanswerable their argument that loyal subjects might not be denied the liberty offered to rebel traitors. The Canada Act of 1791 was the product of a new policy of "assimilation," of making British subjects in the colonies feel that they were the political equals of British subjects at home. Englishmen continued for generations to use the offensive phrases "our colonies" and "our colonists"; English statesmen with few exceptions looked nowhere beyond present necessities; but as seen down the perspective of a century and a half, these first fumbling concessions after the war meant the dawn of a new day—of a second and greater British Empire. Assuredly the Dominions should be represented in the approaching sesquicentennial celebration of Yorktown!

S. E. Morison.

Book Notes

Philosophy and Religion

GOD IN FREEDOM: Studies in the Relations Between Church and State, by Luigi Luzzatti. *Translated by Alfonso Arbib-Costa. New York: The Macmillan Company. 794 pages. $5.*

The philosophical and historical study of the relations between Church and State made by the late Luigi Luzzatti, once Prime Minister of Italy, has now been translated. This detailed and thorough history of liberty of conscience and science begins, historically, with the edict in the third century B. C. decreeing religious liberty in India, and is supplemented by an account of religious liberty in the United States, contributed by the late Chief Justice Taft and others.

THE NATURE OF LIFE, by Eugenio Rignano. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 168 pages. $2.75.*

A technical but highly interesting book which takes up the age-long dispute between the vitalists and the mechanists on the subject of what Haeckel calls "the riddle of the universe." Signor Rignano presents vitalism under a new hypothesis—namely, that the energetic properties of life offer a solution of the problem of purpose. Beginning with assimilation as a selective function, it would appear that living substance displays the property of spontaneous self-reconstruction. Now, if there is purposiveness in the most elementary physiological phenomena, there is also purposiveness in new adaptations of the lower organisms, and, finally, in mental activity and social manifestations. Signor Rignano, in advancing this argument, follows not only the current of present-

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day Italian philosophy, but also Catholic dogma. He inclines to a romantic view of nature and echoes the old doctrine that the Absolute unfolds in everything according to a preconceived plan.

WORK, by Adriano Tilgher. *Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 225 pages. $2.*

Signor Tilgher traces through history the decline of the Greek ideal of the contemplative life untainted by the need for labor, and the development of the modern puritanical belief in active work for its own sake; he then shows how in contemporary society art and play are becoming increasingly more important than work, and how the processes of economics are making necessary luxury and waste: capitalistic civilization, built on the religion of work, threatens to fall in ruins. Historians will find here a useful summary of different religious and philosophical attitudes to work; sociologists will be interested in the implication that a civilization which believes in work for its own sake must ultimately destroy itself.

WORLD POLITICS

ALTERNATIVES TO WAR, by Florence Guertin Tuttle. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 271 pages. $3.*

A useful primer for those working toward international peace.

DOCUMENTS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1929, edited by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. *New York: Oxford University Press. 349 pages. $5.*

The international events of 1929 are here covered in a valuable documentary collection which includes treaties and excerpts from important state papers.

FICTION

CITY OF WHITE NIGHT, by Nicolai Gubsky. *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.*

This book has two solid merits. In the first place, Mr. Gubsky, a Russian writing in English, possesses an uncommonly keen sense of humor. In the second, although he is dealing with states of mind prevailing in St. Petersburg during the years that immediately preceded the War, he leaves the Romanoffs and post-facto political theorizing severely alone (Rasputin makes but one sketchy appearance on the scene, and then for no earthly reason) and devotes his energies to "personal relationships"—as they existed in the upper middle classes and, specifically, in two bureaucrats attached to a ministry. As might be expected in a Russian novel, none of the "personal relationships," whether emotional or sexual or sentimental, ever reaches a stage of completion, and the characters hop round and round like canaries in their cages, bursting into occasional song. The song, however, is often distinctly worth while.

PROVOCATEUR, by Roman Gul. *Translated by L. Zarine; introduction by Stephen Graham. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

This excellent novel of the Russian Terror is limited only by the sketchiness of its characterizations. In tracing, through the early years of the century, the activities and gradual disintegration of a Bombing Organization controlled by the Social Revolutionaries, the author's sole literary device is narration. His story moves with the speed of a cinema, in scenes frequently no longer than an ordinary paragraph, from the revolutionary centers of Russia to the prisons of Siberia and the capitals of Europe. Azef, trusted leader and organizer of the Terrorists, is in the end exposed as a provocateur, selling "the Tsardom to the revolutionaries and the revolutionaries to the Tsardom." Savinkof, the disillusioned friend and successor of Azef, bears within his own sensitive nature the seeds of decadence. The final effect of the book is perhaps peculiarly Russian—a blend of brutality and poetic suggestiveness.

ST. VITUS DAY, by Stephen Graham. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.*

Before setting out to dig up material for this historical novel, Mr. Graham was assured of a theme fascinating in itself: the

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story of an obscure band of Bosnian students who started something that was to result in the death of—was it ten million?—men and the permanent alteration of the face of the world has, if only for sentimental reasons, an appeal to most literate persons. Gavro Princip, having done no more than throw a bomb into the automobile of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Serajevo on St. Vitus Day, probably emerges from the War with as authentic a claim to immortality as his elders and betters. The story of his gesture is more absorbing in its implications than in factual detail; Mr. Graham is to be commended for setting down the detail without unnecessary flourishes, in simple narrative form, and for allowing the implications to take care of themselves.

Contributors

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY is to publish a new volume of verse, "Fatal Interview," this spring. The four sonnets in the present issue of The New Republic and the group of four printed last week are to be included.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, the English journalist, who recently traveled through India, has returned to England after a lecture tour in the United States.

ROBERT PENN WARREN is the author of "John Brown: The Making of a Martyr." As a member of the group of young Southern writers who wish to defend the agrarian culture of the South, he contributed to the symposium, "I'll Take My Stand."

ROBERT CANTWELL contributed to the third and fourth volumes of "The American Caravan." A novel which he has been working on will be published by Farrar and Rinehart.

S. E. MORISON is professor of History at Harvard. He is the author of several books dealing with American history, the most recent being "Builders of the Bay Colony" and "The Growth of the American Republic." He is the editor of The New England Quarterly.

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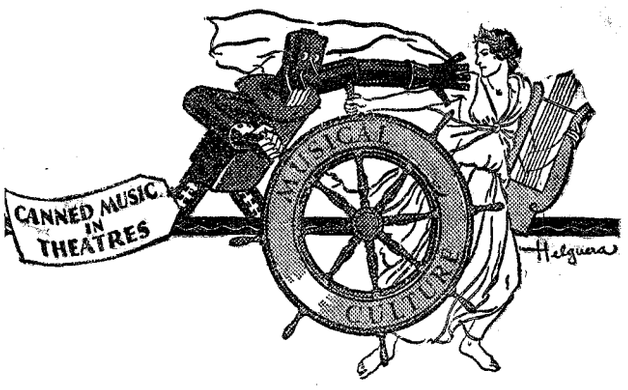

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